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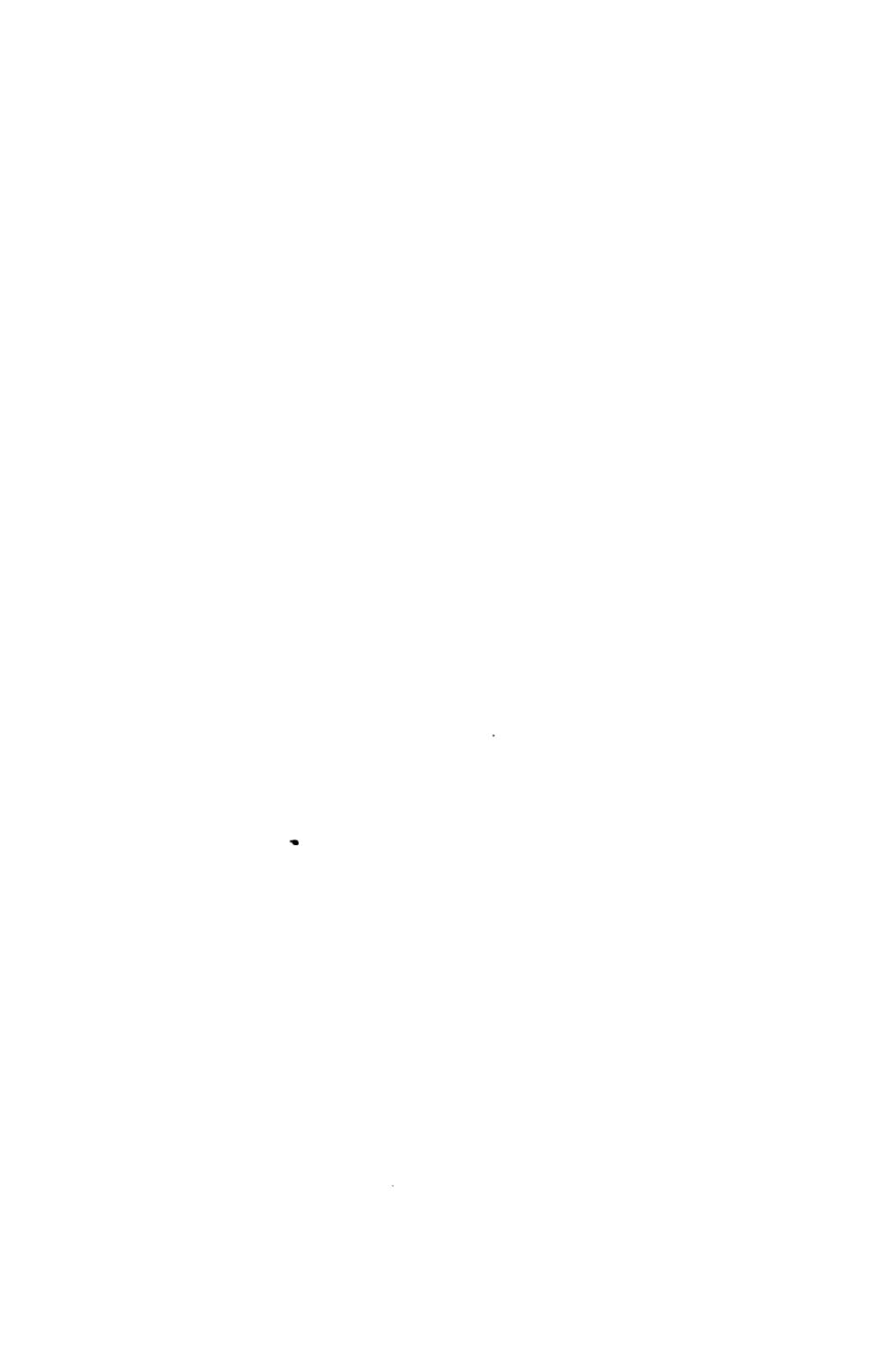


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William Gibbons Chancery Lane London 1821

SCENES AND SHADOWS
OF DAYS DEPARTED A NARRATIVE
ACCOMPANIED WITH
POEMS OF YOUTH AND SOME OTHER POEMS OF
MELANCHOLY AND FANCY
IN THE JOURNEY OF LIFE FROM YOUTH TO AGE
BY W. LISLE BOWLES

"*Cantantes, licet usque, mindūs via lădet, eamus.*"--VIRG.

The road with less fatigue we trudge along,
Even to the end, when varied by a song.

TRANSLATION BY THE AUTHOR.



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1837

It may give some additional interest to the following Poems, if the candid reader shall first cast his eye over the following plain narrative.



CHARLES WHITTINGHAM
LONDON

SCENES AND SHADOWS OF DAYS DEPARTED.

INTRODUCTION.

NARRATIVE OF VISIT TO OLD WILLIAM COLLINS, OF UPHILL, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

“ So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our
hearts unto wisdom.”—*Psalms*.

A POEM written by me, called “ Banwell Hill, or Days Departed, a Lay of the Severn Sea,” was published in 1828,—a second edition, in 1829. It will be republished, if the author lives, and included in this collection. Banwell Hill is part of the extensive demesne belonging to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, and I have reason to think that I gratified the benevolent and pious prelate,* now in possession of that see, by making this part of his ancient episcopal domains, commanding the vast western sweep of the Severn to its junction with the Atlantic, the subject of this

* The Right Reverend G. H. Law.

poem. The title of “ Days Departed ” was given in addition to that of Banwell Hill, because Banwell Hill is situated in the immediate vicinity of Uphill, a parish of which my father was rector, which rectory he held, together with that of Brean, a parish almost under the shadow of that singular peninsular rock, called Brean Down. He resided at Uphill parsonage some part of every year till his death in 1786.

About four years after the publication of the poem, “ Days Departed,” in the year 1832, when I was on a visit at Banwell-cottage, erected near the celebrated cavern of antediluvian bones, by my friend, the present Bishop, I was informed that my father’s garden-labourer, who had planted with his own hands all the trees that now shade that secluded parsonage, was still living. The following dialogue ensued.

“ Living ? Impossible ! Why he must be a hundred years old ! ”

“ No ! But I should imagine nearly ninety. Should you like to see him ? ”

“ Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ? ”

“ Yes ! ” I replied—

How far off does he live ? ”

The old man’s solitary cottage hung near the summit of a small green croft. It was a beautiful morning of May. The blackbird was heard, in the distance ; nearer, the wren was in her richest

song.* The murmuring bee, and the silent butterfly were abroad in the sunshine, circling over the old man's seat. The sound of the sea was faintly heard, as when, by the side of my mother, a child, I heard it, after a long journey, upwards of sixty years ago. The old man, with a few white hairs sprinkling his temples, was sitting in a garden-chair, opposite his cottage. One butterfly, which was wheeling and wavering over his chair, almost touched his bare temples, as he was sitting, without his hat, for the sake of the morning breeze, which just moved; at times, a slender flake of his white and shining hair. He took scarcely any notice of me, when, with my informant,† I drew near. After a glance on his features, and round the picturesque garden and cottage, the following dialogue, as nearly as I can recollect, took place.

“ My poor old man, I am come, from a great distance, and was anxious to see you.”

He lifted up his pale face, but said nothing. I went on.

“ Old man, attend to me.” He remained nearly as unmoved as before. “ Do you remember ‘ parson Bowles ?’ ”

* The wren has not more than two notes in winter, and a rich variety in summer.

† Mr. Knifton, a gentleman of fortune in the parish, informed me of the circumstance, and took me to the spot.

“Remember parson Bowles! yes, to be sure I do!” lifting up his eyes more intently, “Remember the good gentleman! why I worked for him and lived with him till he died. He has been now dead and buried—let me see—ay, nearly forty-five years.”

“Do you remember any of *parson* Bowles’s children?”

“His children? yes, to be sure. There was Master Harry, and Master Charles, Master Billy, and four daughters.”

I said mildly, “*One* of the sons is speaking to you now.”

His dim eyes were instantly fixed with feeble but earnest gaze on my features, and, looking at the same time as somewhat distrustful, he repeated, “One of old master’s children speaking to me?”

“Yes,” I replied, “now speaking to you, old man!”

He wiped his eyes:—“Master Harry?” *

“No!”

“Master Charles?” †

* Sent to Gibraltar at the time of the pestilence, on staff, as physician to the forces. He died in sight of the fortress, and was buried in the Atlantic. See “Sylph of Summer,” among these poems.

† He died, alas! May 21, 1837, and was buried in the

“No!”

“Then it must be Master Billy?”

“Ay! it is *Master Billy*, sure enough!”

The old man stretched out his hand, as if to touch my face; but when he saw the traces of age, and my own gray hairs, he seemed still in doubt, and then, lifting up his palsied hand, with tears, as if all the glimmering past had, like a sudden burst of sunshine, started into light and life, he cried, “Master Billy!” and the tears fell on his furrowed face. On a subsequent visit in 1834, when I was alone,—seeing, I suppose, a resemblance to my father in features, which resemblance more visibly assimilates as a son grows older,*—with both hands raised and clasped, he faintly exclaimed, “My old master! my dear old master!”

Such was the affecting incident of my meeting again, upon earth, one whom I remembered in my earliest days,—now, so feeble and old. I might here add, that, after the death of my father, William Collins, being then in the mature strength of life, was continued in the same service, that of garden-labourer, employed by another gentleman of Uphill, Colonel Rogers. With

church-yard of Cann. St. Rumbalds, Shaftesbury, deeply lamented.

* A striking remark of Mr. Southey.

him he lived thirty years, always the earliest at his work on Monday, and always the first in his place on Sunday, in the front of the gallery at church.

Thus he had lived fifty years, with two masters, till the death of both: and at the death of the last, in recompense for his fidelity, honesty, and sobriety, Colonel Rogers left him by will, for his life, the picturesque cottage and garden which I have described. There he has lived, since his labours upon earth were concluded—tended by one dutiful daughter—and there he yet lives at the time I am writing this.*

I could not leave this solitary old man, and the spot where he will breathe his last, without a poetical sketch, which, as I am not so well skilled with the *pencil* as with the *descriptive pen*, I drew from nature.

OLD man, I saw thee in thy garden chair,
Sitting in silence, 'mid the shrubs and trees
Of thy small cottage-croft, while murmur'ring bees
Went by, and almost touch'd thy temples bare,
Edg'd with a few flakes of the whitest hair ;
And, sooth'd by the faint hum of ebbing seas,
And song of birds, and breath of the young breeze,
Thus didst thou sit, feeling the summer air
Blow gently,—with a sad still decadence,

* And there he lives now, Feb. 1837. See letter from the Bishop.

Sinking to earth in hope, but all alone:—
Oh! hast thou wept to feel the lonely sense
Of earthly loss, musing on voices gone?
Hush the vain murmur, that, without offence,
Thy head may rest in peace beneath the church-yard stone.*

On the premium of three guineas having been voted to him in 1834, as a public acknowledgement of his long and faithful services, by the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society,† the chairman, my esteemed friend the Marquess of Lansdowne, made an eloquent and most affecting speech; and the poor old man has received from me such an allowance as, added to his parochial pay, and the cottage and garden so kindly left him by Colonel Rogers, will be sufficient to bear him to his last home in comfort.

Such was the appearance of this singular old man, when I first saw him, after an interval of so

* Much has been said about the versification of the sonnet. The above is according to the strictest rules.

† To John Harding, an old labourer, of eighty-three, in my own parish of Bremhill, five guineas and a coat were given by the same Society. This old man had bred up *fourteen children* without parochial assistance, and beginning life with one hundred pounds, by a long course of honest industry, accumulated four hundred pounds, almost all of which he, unfortunately, trusted to the hands of an attorney, and nearly the whole sum was lost, at the time when he and his old wife most needed it. Mrs. Bowles has written a village narrative on the subject. He died in 1835, aged eighty-five.

many years, and on a subsequent visit in 1834. My last interview was on the 30th day of September, 1835, when, accompanied by Mrs. Bowles, the Rev. Mr. Skinner, and the Bishop of the Diocese, I again visited the abode of this sole survivor of a whole buried generation of the parish.

He was seated near the window by a small fire, and seemed more collected than when I last saw him, though now turned of ninety-three years. He instantly remembered me, and pressed my hand, which he held in his for some time, with tears in his eyes. His voice was clear and distinct. His daughter was with him. The inside of the cottage was very neat, and on the table, amongst a few other books, an old Bible was conspicuous, near which stood, most appropriately, an HOUR-GLASS! I made some religious reflections on the silent sands of life slowly passing away, and on THE BOOK which, when those sands are all shed, sets before us the "sure and certain hope of eternal life;" and I never shall forget the words and action of my most benevolent friend, the Bishop, who appeared deeply interested at the scene. "My good old man," he said, with a gentle smile, "in the present days, I fear, a '*Bishop's blessing*' may not be thought so valuable as it has been in ages past, but"—placing his hand on the old man's head, he added, in a manner and voice most

affecting—"such as it is, it is given most warmly." He gave him, not only a "Bishop's blessing," but what some, in the present day, would consider more valuable, he ordered coals, &c., to last till the long nights of winter were over, if this aged man should live to be out in the air once more, and hear the cuckoo or the blackbird sing again.

Thus piously, thus placidly, this humble and ancient servant of Christ now waits the end of his long and weary journey upon earth, an exile "hastening to be loosed," in the full "assurance" of "faith" and of "hope." Baptized and brought up in the bosom of the Reformed and restored Catholic Church, from which, in his maturity and in old age he never departed, we trust that at his last hour, when that awful hour approaches, and his last sand is shed, with his trembling hand clasping the Bible to his heart, through repentance and grace, he may be enabled to lift up his eyes to Heaven, and faintly utter—"OH DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING? OH GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?" We looked on his countenance some time, in silence, and then departed, with a blessing and a prayer.

We left his solitary cottage, not without boding feelings, as, in all human probability, we should

* The word "assurance" is not mentioned in the Scriptures except in conjunction with "faith" and "hope."

“see his face no more,” though I promised to come again the next September, if both were alive.

I could not reflect on the BIBLE and the hour-glass in poor old Collins’s cabin, without some meditations in verse.

HOUR-GLASS AND BIBLE.

Look, Christian, on thy BIBLE, and that glass,
Which sheds its sand, thro’ minutes, hours, and days,
And years ! it speaks not, yet, methinks, it says,
To every human heart, “ so mortals pass
On to their dark and silent grave ! ” alas,
For man ! an exile upon earth he strays
Weary, and wand’ring thro’ benighted ways ;
To-day in strength, to-morrow like the grass
That withers at his feet !—“ Lift up thy head,
Poor pilgrim, toiling in this vale of tears ;
That book declares whose blood for thee was shed,
Who died, to give thee life ; and tho’ thy years
Pass like a shade, pointing to thy death-bed,—
‘ Out of the deep,’ thy cry an angel hears,
And by his guiding hand, thy steps to heav’n are led.”

Banwell Cottage, Somerset, Oct. 1, 1835.

I saw the old man at Uphill about three weeks ago, quite well, and have given an account of this last visit, the latter end of last month. After I had left him, his daughter called me back, and said, he had something particular to say to me ; then, leaning a little while on his hand, he looked up, and said, very collectedly, “ The last time I heard your poor father in the pulpit, he preached on a text, upon which every day I now think more

and more,—‘ Oh ! that I had wings like a dove,
for then would I flee away, and be at rest ! ’ ”
The tears fell on his face, and shaking me by the
hand, we bade adieu, in this world for ever.

Bremhill, September 19, 1837.

Having drawn a picture of a Christian, in extreme old age, about to depart to a better world, I may add, that on journeying homewards, through the picturesque vales of Somersetshire, impressed with the scene I lately witnessed, I could not help casting a look back, on the long winding way I had passed, from the early dawn of remembrance, to this even-tide of my life ; and, varied as this road has been, occasionally, by fragments of passing song, I thought that a few memorials of my departed days, before I “ go hence, and am no more seen,” might not be unacceptable to some of the readers of my prose and verse.

Many years after my grey head shall have been laid at rest, in Bremhill Church-yard, or in the cloisters of Salisbury Cathedral, the reader of the memorable controversy with Lord Byron, in which, I believe, all dispassionate judges will admit his lordship was foiled,* and the polished lance

* In the edition of my collected Poems, lately published in Paris, the editor says, in words to the following effect,—
“ In the contest with Lord Byron, the victory was mani-

of his sophistical rhetoric broken at his feet ; or, perhaps, some who may have seen those poems of which Coleridge spoke, in the days of his earliest song, so enthusiastically, may perhaps enquire, “ Who was W. L. Bowles, ‘ *et quo patre cretus?* ’ ” “ *Paucis enarrabo,* ” happy, if some readers might be amused with the anecdotes, others instructed by the example, and a few, peradventure, interested by the interspersions of song on the road.

The motto affixed to my earliest poems was—
“ *Cantantes, licet usque, minus via lædet eamus;* ”
thus given in English—

“ The road with less fatigue, we trudge along,
E'EN TO THE END, when varied with a song ;

and this quotation will not be the less apt, now the long journey, according to the course of nature, is drawing to a close. Thus, then, we set out.

festly on the side of Bowles ; but when he pronounced that a poem was to be judged by the subject alone ! ! ! he gave his opponent the advantage ! ! ! As Mr. Bowles was never such an obtuse dolt as to say this, the advantage is, it is presumed, on his side ; and must be for ever his ; for nothing can shake the position—that nature, not art—passions of nature, not morals, or manners of life, constitute the eternal basis of what is sublime or beautiful in poetry. Whether a poet can make proper use of his materials, is another question.

In the memorials of his later life, Lord Byron has spoken with the greatest kindness and respect of his opponent.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY FROM THE BORDERS OF NORTHAMPTON-
SHIRE TO THE SHORES OF THE SEVERN.

IN the year of our Lord 1769, May the 8th, a chaise was observed setting out, in the afternoon, from the Angel Inn, Redcliff-street, Bristol, then called Redcliff Pit, containing a middle-aged gentlemanly clergyman, in a new wig, a matronly lady, and two children, a boy and a girl, the boy in a new white hat, the crown encompassed with a stripe of gold lace, in a sky-blue jacket, and neat pair of *Banbury-fair* boots.* This boy was standing up looking earnestly out of one window at Redcliff Church, while the girl was looking as earnestly out of the other window at the shops, as the carriage laboured up the hill. Behind was

* I should not have known this circumstance but for a note in my mother's journal,—“ Paid for Billy's boots.” In fact, I was *booted* almost as soon as *breeched*, and to this day bear in my face the marks of some disastrous falls in consequence.

another chaise, containing a nurse-maid and five children, two boys and three girls, with a more elderly maid-servant, such as might, in a small household, have been supposed to be the cook. A rustic lad, in yellow and blue livery, something between a footman and jockey, rode before the first chaise, on a black scampering pony, enquiring, in a dialect scarcely understood, the road to Uphill, in Somersetshire.

On the departure of this primitive cavalcade, the portly landlord of the Old Angel made three respectful bows, wishing the lady and gentleman a good journey, hoping "*little master* would not be lost again!" The gentleman bowed, the lady nodded, with a placid smile, and the chaise was mingled with the carts and crowd of the dusty city.

Now, memory, faithfully relate who these travellers were, to what place on the wide world they were bound, and from whence they came.

The gentleman was the Rev. Thomas Bowles, only son of Dr. Thomas Bowles, vicar of Brackley, in Northamptonshire—of an ancient family in the county of Wiltshire—and of his wife, Elizabeth, of Evenley, or Imley,* near Brackley, descended from the long and illustrious line of the Lisle—

* See pedigree, Lisle and Bowles, article "Imley," Baker's History of Northampton.

de insula—from the “ holy island,” Northumberland. The lady was Bridget, wife of the aforesaid William Thomas Bowles, one of the three [†] daughters of the learned and Reverend Doctor Richard Grey, rector of Hinton, near Brackley, author of *Memoria Technica*, Ecclesiastical Law, &c., and chaplain to the munificent prelate, Nathaniel, Lord Crew, of Steine, in Northamptonshire, Bishop of Durham, founder of that noble charity for preserving the lives of shipwrecked sailors, at Bamborough Castle, Northumberland; and, moreover, somewhat facetiously commemorated by that quaint and delightful writer, A. Wood, as “ *playing out of tune on the fiddle!* ” In Wood’s Life, it is said, “ Nathaniel Crew, of Lincoln, A.M., a violinist and violist, (violin and tenor) *always played out of tune, as having no good eare!* ”

Now, reader, remark, the identical *fiddle* on which the Right Reverend Nathaniel Crew played “ *out of tune,* ” it will be shewn hereafter, was given by Bishop Crew to *my grandfather*, and by him left to *me* ! Possibly all three were *equal proficients* ; but the most singular fact is, that

[†] Joice, the second daughter, well known for painting and needle-work, married Philip Lloyd, Dean of Norwich, tutor of Lord Grenville, and the Honorable Thomas Grenville.

there were only *three* possessors of this instrument since Cromwell's time, and one living !! Crew died, aged 88, 1721 ; Dr. Grey, 1771.

Among the children of the aforesaid William Thomas, and Bridget Bowles, his wife, all on their first journey in life, were Mrs. L——, now living in Bath. The boy in the blue jacket, new boots, and gold-laced hat, was the future author of Banwell-Hill, Poems, History of Bremhill and Lacock Abbey, Life of Bishop Ken, &c., now vicar of Bremhill, in Wiltshire, and Canon Residentiary of Sarum.

This father, mother, and seven children came from a small village in Buckinghamshire, on the borders of Northamptonshire, and were bound to a parish on the distant extremity of the land on the Severn Sea, by the name of Uphill, the clergyman to be inducted into this living, to which he had been lately presented by Chief Justice Willes, of Astrop, in Northamptonshire, a friend of his wife's father ; the boxes, with which both chaises were laden, contained books, &c. for the new rectory house.

We now proceed with our journey. The writer inherited from his father a love of landscape scenery, as of music, particularly sacred music from his mother ; and, if there were any remarkable scene in the road, more particularly at-

tractive from beauty, my father went out of his way to visit it. This was the case on our leaving the noise and smoke of Bristol. We therefore took the road by that most romantic part of the country, Brockley-Coombe. Not a word was said on the road till we arrived there, when my father took me by the hand, and led me, in silence, up the picturesque and romantic road which leads to the top of the hill, from whence a long and magnificent extent of scenery, with the vast Severn sweeping onward, in morning light, was seen—of woods, mountains, and villages, extending on either side, bounded on the north by the distant and far-fading hills of Wales. The impression of this beautiful scene remains with me still, and I believe, from this circumstance, I owe my earliest associations of poetry with picturesque scenery. This road has been the subject of one of Coleridge's sweetest poetical landscapes, and how it has since been depicted, by the author of *Banwell Hill*, the reader will form an estimate from the following description :

BROCKLEY-COOMBE.

Gnarled oaks,

Dark, or with fits of desultory light,
Flung through the branches, *there*, o'erhang the road
Where, under boughs romantic, BROCKLEY-COOMBE
Allures the pausing passenger to wind,

Step by step, up its sylvan hollow, slow,
 Till the proud summit gain'd, how gloriously
 The wide scene lies in light—how gloriously,
 Sun, shadows, and blue mountains far away,
 Woods, meadows, and the mighty Severn—blend ;
 While the grey heron up-shoots, and screams for joy !
Here, the dark yew starts from the limestone rock
 Into faint sunshine,—*there*, the ivy hangs
 From the old oak, whose upper branches, bare,
 Seem as admonishing the nether woods
 Of Time's swift flight,—while birds beneath, unseen,
 (Save, thro' the gloom, a blackbird's yellow bill,))
 The thrush, the blackbird, and, at intervals,
 And heard far off, the cuckoo's hollow note,†
 Make such a concert, that, with ears erect,
 The squirrel seems to hark ! and then to dance,
 With conscious tail aloft, and twinkling feet,
 Nimbler, from bough to bough.

Look ! ere we climb

The slow ascent, beneath the branching oaks
 One peeping cot sends up, from out the trees,
 Its early wreath of slow-ascending smoke.
 And who lives in that far-secluded cot ?
 Old DINAH ; she was once a serving maid,
 In neat attire, and smiling as a flower,
 The modest primrose of the forest-brake,
 And happy as a bird, that sings all day,
 In the green lane ; now aged and alone,
 She wanders forth to gather a few sticks,
 At morn or eve, which, in her hand, she bears
 To light her slender fire, when the long nights
 Come down ; a basket hangs on her left arm,
 Her right hand holds a staff, not to support

† In spring the cuckoo has two perfect diatonic notes,—F sharp, and D. In autumn the F becomes F flat.

Her tottering steps, for she is still upright,
But to fence off the barking village dogs.
And so she wanders thro' the woods, and sings,
At times, a broken tune of happier days ;
Still gentle, and still gently welcoming
The enquiring stranger, to her woodland home.
Yet there, sometimes, in moping dreaminess,
She sits all day, while phantom forms flit by,
Vanishing only, when the sounding bill
Of the green woodpecker is nearer heard,
Tapping the trunk of the old sycamore
That shaded her southern window, when the bee
Comes murmur'ring forth again.*

Reader, has this poetical description of a landscape in the road wearied you ? You shall hear Coleridge — poor Coleridge, in his young and romantic days of poetry and love—you shall hear him, singing thus sweetly on a May morning, as he climbs the same romantic and picturesque hollow, thinking *not* of “old Dinah,” but of his own “pensive Sarah.”

COMPOSED WHILST CLIMBING UP THE LEFT ASCENT OF
BROCKLEY-COOMBE, MAY, 1795.

“ With many a pause and oft reverted eye
I climb the Coombe’s ascent ; sweet songsters near

* Every heart will sympathise with this poor woman’s fate. Living in a solitary cottage, she was frightened in the night by some thieves, (as it was supposed), and to make her escape from them, ran, in her fright, to Brockley Hall, where she fainted at the gate, and was found, the next morning, dead.

Warble in shade, their wild-wood melody :
Far off the unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear ;
Up start the startling stragglers of the flock,
That on green plats o'er precipices browse :
From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The yew-tree bursts ! beneath its dark green boughs,
'Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossom white,
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest—and now have gain'd the topmost height.
Oh ! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze ! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadow'd fields, and prospect-bounding sea !
Deep sighs my lonely heart ; I drop a tear :
Enchanting spot ! oh ! were my Sarah here !"

Coleridge's Poems,—2nd Edition.

Before we arrive at our journey's end, it will be proper to relate an incident on the road. We have faithfully described this cavalcade as it left Bristol, having been somewhat delayed by one of the children being lost in the street. That was the unfortunate writer of this narrative.

The reader who has read so far this history, may have remembered *how* the landlord of the Old Angel, in Redcliff-street, Bristol, on the departure of the post-chaise, said "*he hoped little master would not be lost again !*" We think it, therefore, incumbent on us, as faithful historians, here to relate the circumstance which occasioned this observation.

When the horses were put to the chaise, the

trunks corded, the booted postillion looking back to see if all was right, and when the assembled travellers were at the door, a cry was heard—“ Where is Billy !”

“ Merciful Heaven !” my mother exclaimed, as she herself afterward told me,—“ where is that boy !”

The servants were sent in every direction, cook, nursemaid, and out-rider ! Every passenger was earnestly implored—“ Have you seen a little boy in blue jacket and boots ?”

“ He has strolled away ! he is lost !” said my mother, half distracted.

Now, the truth must be told. As soon as the first chaise arrived at the Angel, *Billy*, attracted by the sound of the bells of Redcliff Church, without a word said to any one, very quietly wandered away, and was not missed in the hurry, till the party were just about to proceed on their journey. He was found at last, very peacefully seated, careless of the crowd around, in delight and wonder, listening to the peal* from the old tower, on the ancient steps of this church-yard. He was

* This, the first peal I remember to have heard in life, (though the parish in which I drew breath, King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, was distinguished for its musical peal,) consisted of *eight bells*; it is an excellent peal of ten bells now, two having since been added.

reluctantly brought back, reprimanded by his father, and kissed, with tears of joy, by his mother.

This was his first adventure, on his first journey of life, and this was the commencement of his enthusiastic love for

“ Well-tun’d bells’ enchanting harmony,”

which he has felt through life, and which occasioned Lord Byron facetiously to comment on *Bowles’s Sonnet* on

——“ *sad sound of Oxford’s merry bells,*”

this particular circumstance of Redcliff bells was alluded to in one of his first sonnets ;—

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal !

* * * * *

And hark ! with less’ning cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer-days departed, and the years
When, from an ancient tow’r, ere life’s gay prime,
The mournful magic of their mingled chime
First woke my wond’ring childhood into tears.

This sonnet, like many others, was subsequently altered ; as first written, it alluded to the impressions the writer received at seven years old, on the steps of Redcliff Church-yard, Bristol, 1769.

We had taken the wrong road, to the right, through Locking, so that before the chaise had passed Hutton it was nearly dark, and a wild and unknown road was to be traversed before

the journey was at an end. In the mean time, entire darkness came down, and a feeling of some peril caused a sensation of uneasiness in the mind of at least the lady, if not of the gentleman. What followed will be best narrated in the following extract from the poem of Banwell Hill:—

“ I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the GREAT SEA!—’Twas night, and journeying far,
We were belated on our road, ’mid scenes
New and unknown,—a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer:—
My father came, the Pastor of the Church
That crowns the high hill crest, above the sea ;
When, as the wheels went slow, and the still night
Came down, a low, uncertain sound was heard,
Not like the wind :—‘ Listen !’ my mother said,
‘ It is the SEA ! LISTEN ! IT IS THE SEA !’
My head was resting on her lap—I woke—
I heard the sound, and closer press’d her side.

“ Much of the sea, in tearful wonderment
I oft had heard, and of the shipwreck’d man,
Who sees, on some lone isle, day after day,
The sun sink, o’er the solitude of waves,
Like CRUSOE;* and the tears would start afresh,
Whene’er my mother kiss’d my hair, and told
The story of that desolate wild man,
And how the talking bird,† when he return’d,

* I ought to beg pardon of the reader for saying this, but some lines of the kind have been sagely pointed out in reviews to prove that the writer, like the good Bishop of Durham, had *no “good eare!”*

† His parrot. What child, what man, cannot repeat the affecting passage relating to this incident, and the bird re-

After long absence, to his forlorn cave,
Spoke, as in tones of human sympathy,
' POOR ROBIN CRUSOE !'

" Thoughts like these arose,
When first I heard, at night, the distant sound,
OLD OCEAN, ' OF THY EVERLASTING VOICE ! ' "

I only remember one other circumstance in the road from Bristol. The sun was setting, and the last rays fell on the tower and pinnacles of the beautiful church at Banwell. My mother said, " Look, Billy, what a pretty church !" I little thought that, in my old age, more than *half a century* afterwards, I should conclude the lay of " Days Departed," with the reflections excited by a view of the same church, and with these reflections I submit what is written to the reader.

BANWELL CHURCH, AND REFLECTIONS.

Farewell to BANWELL CAVE, and BANWELL HILL,
And BANWELL CHURCH, and farewell to the shores
Where, when a child, I wander'd ; and farewell,
HARP OF MY YOUTH ! Above this mountain-cave
I leave thee, murmur'ring to the fitful breeze
That wanders from that sea, whose sound I heard
So many years ago.

peating, " Poor Robin Crusoe ! Where are you, Robin Crusoe ? where have you been ? "

Yet, whilst the light
 Steals from the clouds, to rest upon that tow'r,
 I turn a parting look, and lift to Heaven
 A parting pray'r, that HEAVEN'S OWN LIGHT may rest
 Thus, on the walls and spiry pinnacles
 Of BRITAIN'S SION! Thus her bulwarks stand,
 Calm, as unshaken, on the BIBLE-Rock.*

So may the ANGEL OF HER DESTINIES
 Watch—and avert whatever storms may rise,
 List'ning to the long harmonies that roll
 Thro' her cathedral-aisles—or village-bells
 That on the Sabbath knoll to church, or fling
 The sound of their sweet peal, from hill to wood,
 With music, sadly soothing to the ear
 Of him who wanders thro' her elmy vales.

So may the ANGEL OF HER DESTINIES
 Watch—with a pray'r, as from an eminence
 He marks, far off, above the city's smoke
 Some solemn, pale cathedral lift its brow
 Hoary with age, but not, from age, decay'd—
 Mindful of those immortal works † her sons
 Have laid upon the altar of their God—
 Or counting from some height the village tow'rs,
 Start into light, as the long vale below
 Steals out in morning sunshine. And may PRAY'R
 And PRAISE, for ever from such shrines ascend
 To Heav'n; and every village pastor tread
 His path of pious duty, to the abode
 Of poverty, to steal away the tear—
 To lift the eye of hope to better worlds;

* Of any other foundation it may be well said—

“ Take away her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's.”

† “ Works” of Bishops and other cathedral dignitaries,
 for which see every library in Europe.

XXX SCENES AND SHADOWS OF DAYS DEPARTED.

To visit the neat school, that hums all day,
Resounding with a hymn, at morn and eve ;
To kneel beside the sick man's bed and pray,
(As I have pray'd beside that ancient man),
Till want, and age, and childhood, with a smile,
Lift up their hands to bless him.

And, Oh, God !

Thou, when the cold earth rests upon my head,
HEAR, from thy throne in heav'n, THAT ANGEL'S PRAY'R.

At length a light from the window, and a voice
from the door, announced that one of this valuable
class of men, with his wife and family, had arrived
in safety at the solitary



parsonage of Uphill, in Somersetshire.

“ To-morrow to fresh springs, and pastures new.”

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

(TO BE CONTINUED IF LIFE PERMIT.)

POSTSCRIPT TO THE FOREGOING.

I SHALL only add a letter from the Bishop of Bath and Wells, which I beg his pardon for publishing, but it speaks volumes, for the unaffected kindness and charity of that most estimable, pious, and benevolent character.

This letter was received Jan. 18, 1837, and is literally as follows :

MY DEAR BOWLES,

THE poor old man at Uphill is alive and well; I returned by his cottage from Weston to Banwell. If I could have one selfish feeling, it would have been amply gratified by the pleasure which the old man and his daughter expressed on seeing me. He was clear in mind, but feeble in body. As I entered his bed-chamber, he exclaimed to his daughter, "Who is it?" She said, The bishop, a friend of Mr. Bowles. "What!" he said, "a friend of dear Master Billy!" (I omit part.) I inquired their wants, continues this amiable and benevolent bishop, they were some fire and a sheet. Before I left the poor old

man, there was a fire on his hearth, and the sheets
are now, I trust, on his bed.

Your truly attached friend,

GEO. H. BATH AND WELLS.

Palace, Wells,
January 15, 1837.

APPENDIX.

THEY who have been, perhaps, amused with any parts of the foregoing narrative of an old poet's first journey in his road through life, are informed, that, if he lives, the whole account, to the time when he left the banks of Cherwell, and commenced a curate,

“ Passing rich with forty pounds a year,”

will be published hereafter; it will be sufficient here to relate further, that having made two engagements, one, in early life, to a young lady, the occasion of the first Sonnets, when in a foreign country, he sought oblivion of his youthful heart's first anguish,

— “ atque hæc incondita secum,
Montibus et sylvis, studio jactabat inani;” *Virgil.*

and the other, when, ten years afterwards, and being in orders, death put an end to all these

dreams, on the eve of marriage. In the first instance, worldly circumstances interfered; in the second, no longer waiting for archiepiscopal or episcopal patronage, it was determined, for "richer for poorer," when the youthful lover and poet

" Found a faithful heart,"

" Fortune" should not, as in the case of a better poet,

" Come in, and bid us part!"

but, alas! death came in—

" Thou didst go—
In youth and beauty go to thy death-bed."

SONNET, SECOND SERIES.

During this time, from the year when the writer left Trinity College, in Oxford, resigning a scholarship, 1787, he had never given up all hopes of some independent provision in the church. My mother had been promised a living by him, to whom her father, Dr. Grey, had been a friend and patron, when he was curate, in Northamptonshire, and servitor of Christchurch, now become, through an introduction of Dr. Grey to the family at Blenheim, Archbishop of Canterbury. In a letter published in Thicknesse's Memoirs, p. 101, Dr. Moore says, " You tell me again and

again of my obligations to your family, I am ready to acknowledge a thousand obligations to Dr. and Mrs. Grey, particularly to him, whose advice I have profited by, and may, as long as I live, if it be not my own fault, but, not one of those he (Dr. Grey) has left behind him, will tell you I have forgotten these obligations." Letter of Archbishop Moore. One of those, whom Dr. Grey left behind, he forgot till the year 1805, when his first love! was married, and second buried. Thicknesse's Memoirs were published in 1788.

Therefore, it was not without reason, a young man, now a poor curate,

"sigh'd on from day to day,"

hoping every day for some independent provision in the Church.

In the mean time, his mother sunk into her last quiet rest, with hopes never fulfilled as to preferment smiling on her eldest son, and not till after her death, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Moore, in 1805, conferred on him the option of the valuable living of Bremhill, in Wiltshire. Sydney Smith says, in his scathing letter on the Bishop' Commissioners, "I know not what Archbishop Moore did with his Options?" I, therefore, a coadjutor in

the same cause,* inform him, he bestowed one of these, late in life, on me, the grandson of his first patron and friend, Dr. Richard Grey.

So the author became vicar of Bremhill, and has resided there, now thirty-two years. There he has had far greater advantage than worldly wealth, the inestimable advantage of the friendly and social intercourse for so many years, with such a family as that at Bowood; and he concludes what he has here hastily thrown together of a long journey through life, by recording a fact, not uninteresting as connected with this journey from youth to age, and the place where, probably, the journey will end.

Reader,—From the top of the hill called Wick Hill, in the parish of Bremhill, the property of Lord Lansdowne, a singular paved footway leads the pedestrian to the town of Chippenham, terminating at the eminence which overlooks the town. The funds to keep this road in repair were left in the time of Edward the Fourth, by a benevolent spinster, Maud Heath, supposed to have got her wealth by travelling in the miry roads to market,

* I have fought this fight conscientiously, and from feelings of gratitude, for I am indebted solely to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury for the later preferment in a cathedral, where I might close my days to what I, through life, most loved, cathedral harmony.

and this pathway goes by her name. Two rude stones, and a small pillar, mark the beginning, middle, and end of this pathway. On Wick Hill, in the Parish of Bremhill, stands a stone inscribed,

From this Wick Hill begins the praise
Of Maud Heath's gift to these high ways.

At the termination, immediately over the town of Chippenham, stands another stone :

Hither extendeth Maud Heath's gift,
From where I stand in Chippenham clift.

But a pillar and inscription half-way, and near the winding Avon, is more remarkable, and the inscription peculiarly striking ;—it is in Latin, on a sun-dial, as addressed to the traveller passing. Fronting the morning sun, the first sentence appears, *Tempus volat*.—Fronting the mid-day sun, *Dum tempus habemus operemur bonum*.—Fronting the evening sun, these simple, but most affecting words appear, addressed to the evening passenger, *Redibo : TU NUNQUAM !*

I proposed to the trustees the following English paraphrase :—

Oh, early passenger, a moment stay,
And think how rapidly TIME FLIES AWAY.

NOON :—

'Twas morn—'tis noon—mortal, this hour is lent thee,
To do the Christian work of Him who sent thee.

SETTING SUN :—

Haste homeward ! for the sun is sinking now ;
He shall return again, but NEVER THOU.

In my History of Bremhill, writing on the subject, I observed, p. 159, “ Whatever has become of other charities, that of this benevolent spinster still flourishes ; and as one of the trustees, I hope to live to see a monument more worthy of her name erected on the hill which overlooks the extensive vale.”

This monument is now erecting by the Marquess of Lansdowne and the author of these memoirs, being joint trustees of the charity ; and here, as my long poetical journey from youth to age, bears no distant resemblance to the sentences inscribed on the old pillar and sundial, on the banks of the Avon :

Morning—“ TEMPUS VOLAT.”

Evening—“ REDIBO. TU, NUNQUAM.”

The old vicar of Bremhill in conclusion, cannot forget the Christian application of the old monumental dial. The “ SUN SETS” indeed, in this vale of our earthly pilgrimage, but while we confess that the Christian wayfarer is “ a stranger and pilgrim upon earth,” he finishes his course, with eyes upraised to a better and more enduring

country; and in this hope the present author ends this tale of his pilgrimage and poetry together.

Bremhill, May 10th, 1837.

INSCRIPTION ON THE PILLAR.

THOU, who dost pause on this aërial height,
Where Maud Heath's Pavement winds thro' shade
and light:
Oh ! Christian Pilgrim, in a world of strife,
Look round, and ponder on the Path of Life.

Erected by Henry, Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord
of the Manor, and W. L. Bowles, vicar
of the parish of Bremhill, 1837.



INTRODUCTION TO POEMS.

To account for the variations, which may be remarked particularly in this last edition of first series of Sonnets, from those which appeared, first published, fifty years ago—it may be proper to state, that to the best of my recollection, they now appear nearly as they were originally composed in my solitary hours, when, in youth a wanderer, among distant scenes, I sought forgetfulness of the first disappointment in early affections.

Delicacy even now, though the grave has long closed over the beloved object, would forbid entering on a detail of the peculiar circumstances in early life, and the anguish which occasioned these poetical meditations. In fact, I never thought of writing them down at the time, and many had escaped recollection;* but three years after my

* I confined myself to fourteen lines, because fourteen lines seemed best adapted to unity of sentiment. I thought

return to England, on my way to the banks of Cherwell,—where

“ I bade the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose music, on my melancholy way,
I wooed : ”

passing through Bath, I wrote down all I could recollect of these effusions, most elaborately *mending* the versification from the natural flow of music in which they occurred to me, and having thus *corrected* and written them out, took them myself to the late Mr. Crutwell, with the name of “ Fourteen Sonnets written chiefly on Picturesque Spots during a Journey.”*

I had three times knocked at this amiable printer’s door, whose kind smile I still recollect;

nothing about the strict Italian model; the verses naturally flowed in unpremeditated harmony, as my ear directed, but the slightest inspection will prove they were far from being mere elegiac couplets. The subjects were chiefly from river scenery, and the reader will recollect what Sir Humphrey Davy has said on this subject so beautifully; it will be recollected also that they were published ten years before those of Mr. Wordsworth on the river Duddon, Yarrow, &c. There have been many claimants, among modern poets, for the laurel of the sonnet, but, in picturesque description, sentiment, and harmony, I know none superior to those of my friend the Rev. Charles Hoyle, on scenery in Scotland, the mountains of Ben Nevis, Loch-Lomond, &c.

* As they first appeared so they passed the several editions, the bookseller having the copy.

and at last, with much hesitation, ventured to unfold my message: it was to enquire whether he would give anything for “Fourteen Sonnets,” to be published with or without the name.* He at once declined the purchase, and informed me he doubted very much whether the publication would repay the expense of printing, which would come to about five pounds. It was at last determined *one hundred* copies, in quarto, should be published as a kind of “forlorn hope;” and these “Fourteen Sonnets” I left to their fate, and thought no more of getting *rich* by poetry! In fact, I owed the most I ever owed at Oxford, at this time, seventy pounds;† and knowing my father’s large family and trying circumstances, and those of my poor mother, I shrunk from asking more money when I left home, and went back with a heavy heart to Oxford, under the conscious weight, that my poetic scheme failing, I had no means of paying Parsons, the mercer’s bill! This was the origin of the publication.

As this plain account is so connected with

* To account for the present variation, some remained as originally with their natural pauses, others for the press I thought it best to correct into verse less broken, and now, after fifty years, they are recorrected, and restored, I believe, more nearly, to the original shape in which they were first meditated.

† I hoped by my sonnets to pay this vast debt.

whatever may be my name in criticism and poetry, it is hoped it will be pardoned.

All thoughts of succeeding as a Poet were now abandoned! but, half a year afterwards, I received a letter from the printer informing me that the *hundred* copies were all sold, adding, that if I had published **FIVE HUNDRED** copies, he had no doubt they would have been sold also.

This, in my then situation, my father now dead, and my mother a widow with seven children, and with a materially reduced income, (from the loss of the rectories of Uphill and Brean in Somerset,) was gratifying indeed! all my golden dreams of poetical success were renewed,—the number of the Sonnets, first published, was increased, and five hundred copies, by the congratulating printer, with whose family I have lived in kindest amity from that hour, were recommended to issue from the press of the Editor of the Bath Chronicle.

But this was not all, the five hundred copies were sold to great advantage, for it was against my will that *five hundred* copies should be printed, till the printer told me he would take the risk on himself, on the usual terms, at that time,—of bookseller and author.

Soon afterwards, it was agreed that *seven hundred and fifty* copies should be printed, in a smaller and elegant size. I had received Coleridge's

warm testimony; but soon after this third edition came out, my friend, Mr. Cruttwell, the printer, wrote a letter saying that two young gentlemen, strangers, one a particularly handsome and pleasing youth, lately from Westminster School, and both literary and intelligent, spoke in high commendation of my volume, and if I recollect right, expressed a desire to have some poems printed in the same type and form.* Who these young men were I knew not at the time, but the communication of the circumstance was to me most gratifying, and how much more gratifying, when, from one of them, after he himself had achieved the fame of one of the most virtuous and eloquent of the writers in his generation, I received a first visit at my parsonage in Wiltshire upwards of forty years afterwards!! It was ROBERT SOUTHEY—we parted in my garden last year, when stealing time and sorrow had marked his still manly, but most interesting countenance.†—Therefore

* I omit what the printer informed me of in his artless ardor.

† The other was Mr. Lovel, who died in youth.

TO
ROBERT SOUTHEY,
WHO HAS EXHIBITED
IN HIS PROSE WORKS, AS IN HIS LIFE
THE PURITY AND VIRTUES
OF
ADDISON AND LOCKE,
AND IN HIS POETRY THE IMAGINATION AND SOUL OF
SPENSER,
THESE POEMS,
WITH EVERY AFFECTIONATE PRAYER, ARE INSCRIBED
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

W. L. BOWLES.

ODES FROM YOUTH TO AGE,
PICTURESQUE, IMAGINATIVE,
OR PATHETIC.

Cantantes, licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus.

The road will seem less wearisome and long,
Ev'n to the end, when varied with a song.

2

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER SCHOOL,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1788.

SUMMER shall visit thee again,
Itchin! and yonder ancient fane *
That casts its shadow on thy breast,
As if, by many winters beat,
The blooming season it would greet,
With many a straggling wild-flow'r shall be drest.

But I, amid the youthful train
That stray at ev'ning by thy side,
No longer shall a guest remain,
To mark the spring's reviving pride.—
I go not unrejoicing ; but who knows,
When I have shar'd, O world, thy common woes,
Returning I may drop some natural tears ;
As these same fields I look around,
And hear from yonder dome † the slow bell
sound,
And think upon the joys that crown'd my stripling
years !

* St. Croix.

† The Cathedral.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY HEADLEY,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

To every gentle Muse in vain allied,
In youth's full early morn, poor HEADLEY died !
Ah ! long had sickness left her pining trace,
With slow still touch, on each decaying grace ;
Untimely sorrow mark'd his thoughtful mien !
Despair upon his languid smile was seen !
Yet Resignation, musing on the grave,
(When now no hope could cheer, no pity save)
And Virtue, that scarce felt its fate severe,
And pale Affection, dropping soft a tear
For friends belov'd, from whom he soon must part,
Breath'd a sad solace on his aching heart.
Nor ceas'd he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
The Muse's path his drooping steps beguil'd,
Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time ;
And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile
Like flow'rs upon some long-forsaken pile.*

* Alluding to *Beauties of Ancient Poetry*, published by
Mr. H.

Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he
sought
Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought.
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,
To hear the sweet birds' earliest song he hied ;
When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell,
Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen
The last that linger'd o'er the fading green.

The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclin'd,
The murmur'ring water-fall, the winter's wind,
His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,
As airs of sadness the responsive lute.

Yet deem not thou, the social spirit dead,
Though from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled.
Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
And warm as Pity's his unheeded tear,
That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.

Farewell !—yet be this pensive tribute paid
To all thy virtues, from that *social shade* *
Where once we sojourn'd.—I, alas ! remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)

* Trinity College, Oxford.

That fled neglected.—Wisely thou hast trod
The better path ; and that High Meed, which God
Ordain'd for Virtue, tow'ring from the dust,
Shall crown thy labour, spirit ! pure and just.

ON HOWARD'S ACCOUNT OF
LAZARETTOS.

MORTAL ! who arm'd with holy fortitude,
The path of good, right onward, hast pursued ;
May HE, to whose eternal throne on high
The sufferers of the earth with anguish cry,
Be thy protector ! On that dreary road
That leads thee patient to the last abode
Of wretchedness, in peril and in pain,
May he thy steps direct, thy heart sustain !
('Mid scenes, where pestilence in darkness flies ;
In caverns, where deserted misery lies ;)
So safe beneath his shadow thou may'st go,
To cheer the dismal wastes of human woe.

Oh, CHARITY ! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame ?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heav'n, or purple lights of morn ?

Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
That falls like saddest moonlight on the hill
And distant woods, when the wide world is still ?
Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind ;
Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan
Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

But who for thee, O CHARITY ! will bear
Hardship, and cope with peril and with care !
Who, for thy sake, will social sweets forego
For scenes of sickness, and the sights of woe ?
Who, for thy sake, will seek the prison's gloom,
Where ghastly Guilt implores her ling'ring doom ;
Where Penitence unpitied sits, and pale,
That never told to human ears her tale ;
Where Agony, half-famish'd, cries in vain ;
Where dark Despondence murmurs o'er her chain ;
Where sunk Disease is wasted to the bone,
And hollow-ey'd Despair forgets to groan ?

Approving Mercy marks the vast design,
And proudly cries—" HOWARD, the task be thine!"

Already 'mid the darksome vaults profound,
The inner prison, deep beneath the ground,
Consoling hath thy tender look appear'd :
In horror's realm the voice of peace is heard !

Be the sad scene disclos'd ;—fearless unfold
The grating door—the inmost cell behold !
Thought shrinks from the dread sight ; the paly
lamp

Burns faint amid th' infectious vapours damp ;
Beneath its light full many a livid mien,
And haggard eye-ball through the dusk are seen.
In thought I see thee, at each hollow sound,
With humid lids oft anxious gaze around.
But oh ! for him, who, to yon vault confin'd,
Has bid a long farewell to human kind ;
His wasted form, his cold and bloodless cheek,
A tale of sadder sorrow seem to speak—
Of friends, perhaps now mingled with the dead ;
Of hope, that, like a faithless flatterer, fled,
In th' utmost hour of need : or of a son
Cast to the bleak world's mercy ; or of one
Whose heart was broken, when the stern behest
Tore him from pale affection's bleeding breast.
Despairing, from his cold and flinty bed,
With fearful mutt'ring he hath rais'd his head :
“ What pitying spirit, what unwonted guest,
“ Strays to this last retreat, this gloom unblest ?
“ From life and light shut out, beneath this cell
“ Long have I bid the cheering sun farewell.
“ I heard resounding clos'd the jealous door,
“ I mark'd my bed on the forsaken floor,
“ I had no hope on earth, no human friend :
“ Let me unpitied to the dust descend !”

Cold is his frozen heart—his eye is rear'd
To Heav'n no more—and on his sable beard
The tear has ceas'd to fall. Thou canst not bring
Back to his mournful heart the morn of spring—
Thou canst not bid the rose of health renew
Upon his wasted cheek her crimson hue :
But at thy look, (ere yet to hate resign'd,
He murmurs his last curses on mankind)
At thy kind look one tender thought shall rise,
And his full soul shall thank thee ere he dies !

O ye, who list to Pleasure's vacant song,
As in her silken train ye troop along ;
Who, like rank cowards, from affliction fly,
Or, whilst the precious hours of life pass by,
Lie slumb'ring in the sun :—Awake, arise—
To these instructive pictures turn your eyes,
The awful view with other feelings scan,
And learn from HOWARD what man owes to man.

These, Virtue ! are thy triumphs, that adorn
Fitliest our nature, and bespeak us born
For loftier action ; not to gaze and run
From clime to clime ; or flutter in the sun,
Or drag a drony flight from flow'r to flow'r,
Like summer insects in a gaudy hour ;
Nor yet o'er love-sick tales with fancy range,
And cry—“ 'Tis pitiful, 'tis passing strange !”

But on life's varied views to look around,
And raise expiring sorrow from the ground :—
And he—who thus hath borne his part assign'd
In the sad fellowship of human kind,
Or for a moment sooth'd the bitter pain
Of a poor brother—has not liv'd in vain !

But 'tis not that Compassion should bestow
An unavailing tear on want or woe :
Lo ! fairer Order rises from thy plan,
Befriending virtue, and adorning man.
That comfort cheers the dark abode of pain,
Where wan Disease pray'd for relief in vain ;
That Mercy soothes the hard behest of law ;
That Misery smiles upon her bed of straw ;
That the dark felon-clan, no more, combin'd,
Murmur in murd'rous league against mankind ;
That to each cell, a mild yet mournful guest,
Contrition comes, to still the beating breast,
Whilst long-forgotten tears of virtue flow ;
Thou, generous friend of all !—to thee we owe !
To thee, that Pity sees her views expand
To many a cheerless haunt, and distant land !
Whilst warm Philanthropy extends her ray,
Wide as the world, and general as the day !

HOWARD ! I view those deeds, and think how
vain

The triumphs of weak man—the feeble strain,
That Flattery sings to Conquest's crimson car,
Amid the banner'd host, and the proud tents of war !

From realm to realm the hideous War-fiend hies
Wide o'er the wasted earth—before him flies
Affright, on pinions fleeter than the wind ;
And Death and Desolation fast behind
The pomp and havock of his march pursue :
Meantime his steps are bath'd in the warm dew
Of bloodshed, and of tears ;—but his dread name
Shall perish—the loud clarion of his fame
One day shall cease, and wrapt in silent gloom,
Forgetfulness sit on his shapeless tomb !

But bear Thou fearless on :—the GOD of all,
To whom the afflicted kneel, the friendless call,
From his high throne of mercy shall approve
The holy deeds of Mercy and of Love :
For when the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
Each act by Charity and Mercy done,
High o'er the wrecks of time shall live alone
Immortal as the heav'ns, and beauteous bloom
To other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.

EXPIRING AFRICAN.

Faint-gazing on the burning orb of day,
When Africk's injur'd son expiring lay,
His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,
His dewy temples, and his sable hair,
His poor companions kiss'd, and cried aloud,
Rejoicing, whilst his head in peace he bow'd :—

“ Now thy long, long task is done,
“ Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
“ Ere to-morrow's golden beam
“ Glitter on thy parent stream,
“ Swiftly the delights to share,
“ The feast of joy which waits thee there :
“ Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride
“ O'er the long and stormy tide,
“ Fleeter than the hurricane,
“ Till thou view those scenes again,
“ Where thy father's hut was rear'd,
“ Where thy mother's voice was heard ;
“ Where thy infant brothers play'd
“ Beneath the fragrant citron shade ;

“ Where through green savannahs wide
“ Cooling rivers silent glide,
“ Or the shrill sigarras sing
“ Ceaseless to their murmuring ;
“ Where the dance, the festive song,
“ Of many a friend divided long,
“ Doom’d through stranger lands to roam,
“ Shall bid thy spirit welcome home !

“ Fearless o’er the foaming tide
“ Again thy light canoe shall ride ;
“ Fearless on th’ embattled plain
“ Thou shalt lift thy lance again ;
“ Or, starting at the call of morn,
“ Wake the wild woods with thy horn ;
“ Or, rushing down the mountain-slope,
“ O’ertake the nimble antelope ;
“ Or lead the dance, ’mid blissful bands,
“ On cool Andracte’s yellow sands ;
“ Or, in th’ embow’ring orange grove,
“ Tell to thy long-forsaken love
“ The wounds, the agony severe,
“ Thy patient spirit suffer’d here !

“ Fear not now the tyrant’s pow’r—
“ Past is his insulting hour—
“ Mark no more the sullen trait
“ On slavery’s brew of scorn and hate ;

“ Hear no more the long sigh borne
“ Murmuring on the gales of morn !

“ Go in peace—yet we remain
“ Far distant, toiling on in pain ;
“ Ere the bright Sun fire the skies
“ To our work of woe we rise ;
“ And see each night, without a friend,
“ The world’s great comforter descend !

“ Tell our brothers, where ye meet,
“ Thus we toil with weary feet ;
“ Yet tell them, that Love’s gen’rous flame,
“ In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
“ In distant worlds was ne’er forgot—
“ And tell them, that we murmur not—
“ Tell them, though the pang will start,
“ And drain the life-blood from the heart—
“ Tell them, generous shame forbids
“ The tear to stain our burning lids !
“ Tell them, in weariness and want,
“ For our native hills we pant,
“ Where soon from shame and sorrow free,
“ We hope in death to follow thee.”

ABBA THULE, FATHER OF LEE-BOO.

[See History of the Pelew Islands.]

I CLIMB the highest cliff: I hear the sound
Of dashing waves; I gaze intent around:
I mark the grey cope, and the hollowness
Of heaven, and the great sun, that comes to bless
The isles again, but my long-straining eye,
No speck—no shadow—can, far off, descry,
That I might weep, tears of delight, and say,
“It is the bark that bore my child away!”

Sun, that returnest bright, beneath whose eye
The worlds unknown, and out-stretch'd waters, lie,
Dost thou behold him now? On some rude shore,
Around whose crags the cheerless billows roar,
Watching th' unwearyed surges doth he stand,
And think upon his father's distant land?
Or has his heart forgot, so far away,
These native woods, these rocks, and torrents grey,
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze,
The shores, the sound of these encircling seas,

ward from his infant days, and the pil'd heap
of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep ?

Ah, me ! till sunk by sorrow, I shall dwell
ith them forgetful in the narrow cell,
ever shall time from my fond heart efface
is image ; oft his shadow I shall trace
pon the glimmering waters, when on high
ie white moon wanders through the cloudless sky.
ft in my silent cave (when to its fire
om the night's rushing tempest we retire)
shall behold his form, his aspect bland ;
shall retrace his footsteps in the sand ;
nd, when the hollow-sounding surges swell,
ill think I listen to his echoing shell.

Would I had perish'd ere that hapless day,
hen the tall vessel, in its trim array
irst rush'd upon the sounding surge, and bore
ly age's comfort from the sheltering shore !
saw it spread its white wings to the wind—
oo soon it left these hills and woods behind—
azing, its course I follow'd till mine eye
o longer could its distant track descry ;
ill on the confines of the billows hoar
while it hung, and then was seen no more,
nd only the blue hollow cope I spied,
nd the long waste of waters tossing wide.

More mournful then each falling surge I heard,
Then dropt the stagnant tear upon my beard.
Methought the wild waves said, amidst their roar
At midnight, "Thou shalt see thy son no more!"

Now thrice twelve moons through the mid heav'ns
have roll'd,
And many a dawn, and slow night, have I told ;
And still as every weary day goes by,
A knot recording on my line I tie ;
But never more, emerging from the main,
I see the stranger's bark approach again.
Has the fell storm o'erwhelm'd him ? Has its sweep
Buried the bounding vessel in the deep ?
Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain ?
Upon his father did he call in vain ?
Have pitiless and bloody tribes defil'd
The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child !

Oh ! I shall never, never hear his voice ;
The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice ;
But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn !

The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,
O'er all the beach now stream the busy crowd ;
Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove ;
The fisher carols in the winding cove ;

And light canoes along the lucid tide
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide.
I linger on the desert rock alone,
Heartless, and cry for thee, my Son, my Son.

TO ——.

*FORGET ME—but sometimes, at close of day,
When I am lone and wandering far away,
THINK OF ME WITH A SIGH, and think that then,
By some wild river's brink, or woody glen,
My heart, which still thy gentle image bears,
Is heaving, and mine eyes are fill'd with tears.*

1786.

SONNETS

WRITTEN AMIDST VARIOUS INTERESTING SCENES,
DURING A TOUR UNDER YOUTHFUL
DEJECTION.

LANDING AT TYNEMOUTH,
NORTHUMBERLAND, AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE
FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast—
Pleas'd I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore: and now the beam
Of ev'ning smiles on the grey battlement
Of yon forsaken tow'r that Time has rent:—
The lifted oar far off with transient gleam
Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep,
O'er-spent: oh ! when, on wakeful memory's
breast
Shall stillness steal, like this, and kindred rest ?
Then some sweet harmonies might soothe her sleep,
Harmonies, on the wandering minstrel's lyre,
Like airs of parting day, that, as they breathe, ex-
pire.*

* The reader will remember the exquisite old Ballad—
“ Come, gentle muse, lull me asleep
“ With some sweet harmony.”

To which the late lamented Dr. HARRINGTON set music, as
exquisite as the words.

TO THE
RIVER WAINSBECK, NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHERE slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,*
WAINSBECK ! the mossy-scatter'd rocks among,
In fancy's ear making a plaintive song
To the dark waving woods above, that seem
To bend o'er some enchanted spot remov'd
From life's vain coil—I listen to the wind,
And think I hear affection's sigh, reclin'd
On the forsaken tomb of him she lov'd—
Ah ! soothing are your quiet scenes ! Unknown
Is he who pauses pensive on his way,
Yet recreat'd, here he may delay
Awhile to thank you ;—and when years have flown
And scenes, that charm'd his path, he would renew,
In the world's crowd, he will remember you.

* “ The solitary Wainsbeck's limpid stream.”

AKENSIDE.

AT BAMBOROUGH CASTLE,*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

YE holy Towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Still may ye frown from the rough rock sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winds of winter sweep
Round your dark battlements ; for, far from halls
Of Grandeur, Pity here hath fix'd her seat,
Oft list'ning tearful when the tempests beat,
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls :
Chiefly rejoicing, in the blackest hour
Of midnight, when the stars are hid, on high,—
To keep her lone watch on the topmost tow'r,
And turn her ear to each expiring cry,
If so, her help some mariner might save,
Borne perishing and speechless from the wave.

* Endowed by Bishop Crewe for the benefit of ship-wrecked sailors.

TO THE TWEED.

ON ENTERING SCOTLAND BY KELSO.

O TWEED ! a stranger, who with wand'ring feet
O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile—
(If so some heavy thoughts he might beguile)—
Turns, with a sigh, your stranger-stream to greet.
Shall the still woods, that solitary bend
Upon thy banks, a passing charm bestow ?
Shall the sad music of thy wave below
Seem as the converse of a long-lost friend ?
Romantic stream ! tho' now along thy shore,
When summer comes to deck the burn's green
side,
The distant past'ral pipe is heard no more—
Yet here, while lav'rocks sing, I could abide,
Forgetful of the world's contentious roar,
To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

CLYDESDALE ! as thy poetic vales I leave,
And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
Where musing memory loves to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape ; I may grieve
That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
I shall return your varied views to mark,
Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark,
Of rivers winding wild, or mountains hoar,
Or castle, gleaming on the distant steep !—
Yet many a look, back on those hills I cast,
And many a soften'd image of the past
Sadly combine, and bid remembrance keep,
To fill my thought with scenes and shadows flown,
When I am wand'ring thro' the world alone.

TO THE
RIVER ITCHIN, NEAR WINCHESTER.

ITCHIN, when I behold thy stream again,
Thy margin hung with alders, and thy breast,
On which the shades of old, still seem to rest,
Why feels my heart a moment's sense of pain ?
Is it—that many a summer's day has past
Since, in life's morn, I caroll'd on thy side ?
Is it—that oft, since then, my heart has sigh'd,
As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams flew fast ?
Is it—that those, who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more ?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

WRITTEN ON RESIGNING A SCHOLARSHIP OF TRI-
NITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND RETIRING
TO A COUNTRY CURACY.

FAREWELL ! a LONG FAREWELL ! O Poverty,
Affection's fondest dream how hast thou left !
But tho', on thy stern brow, no trace is left
Of youthful joys, that on the cold heart die,
With Thee, a sad companionship I seek,
Content, tho' poor,—for patient wretchedness,
Tearful, but uncomplaining of distress,
Who turns to the rude storm her faded cheek ;
And Piety, who never told her wrong ;
And calm Content, whose griefs no more rebel ;
And Genius, warbling sweet his saddest song,
When evening listens to some village-knell—
Long banish'd, from the world's insulting throng ;—
With thee, and thy unfriended children dwell.

O TIME ! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
 Soothing to sad repose the weary sense—
Stealest the long-forgotten pang away ;
Thee, would I call my only hope at last,
 And think—when thou hadst dried the bitter tear
 That flow'd in vain o'er all my soul held dear,—
I might look back on youthful suff'rings past,
To meet life's peaceful evening with a smile ;—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
But ah ! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

DOVER CLIFFS.

YES ! on this cliff, that calm above the flood
Uprears its shadowing front, and, at its feet,
Scarce hears the surge that has for ages beat,
How many lonely wanderers have stood !
How many, when that murmur met their ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow—have thought of all their heart must
leave
To-MORROW ;—of the FRIENDS they lov'd most
dear—
Of social scenes, from which they wept to part ?
Oh ! if, like me, they knew how fruitless, all
The thoughts—that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would they quell the risings of the heart,
Breasting the winds and musing o'er the tide,
Their country,—the wide world, and God their
guide.

OSTEND.

ON HEARING THE BELLS AT SEA.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal !
As when, at opening dawn, the fragrant breeze
Touches the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel !
And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide !
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of happy hours departed, and those years
When from an antique tow'r ere life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First wak'd my wond'ring childhood into tears !
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy ONCE HEARD, and HEARD NO
MORE.*

* See "Scenes and Shadows of days departed."

AT OSTEND, LANDING.

THE orient beam illumes the parting oar—
From yonder azure track, emerging white,
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
And the long wave comes rippling to the shore :
Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies :
Yet, 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmov'd,
Like one for ever torn from all he lov'd,
Back o'er the deep I turn my longing eyes,
And chide the wayward passions that rebel.
Yet boots it not to think or to complain,
Musing sad ditties to the reckless main :—
To dreams like these, adieu !—the pealing bell
Speaks of the hour that stays not—and the day
To life's sad turmoil calls the heart away.

ON THE RHINE.

"Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow,—
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—
Shone in the early light, when on the RHINE
We sail'd, and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting ;—varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some grey convent-wall, or sunlit spire
Starts up, along the banks, unfolding slow.
Here, castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass !—There, on the vineyard's side
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide ;
While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds, how fast the prospect winds away.

AT A CONVENT ON THE RHINE.

FRAWENSWORTH.

If chance, some pensive stranger, hither led—
His bosom glowing from sublimer views,
Temple and tow'r, 'mid the bright landscape's
hues—
Should turn to ask who sleeps in this cold bed ?
A Maid of Sorrow !—To the cloister'd scene,
Unknown, and beautiful a mourner came,
Seeking, with unseen tears, to quench the flame
Of hapless love ;—yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight pile ;
Her voice was gentle, and a charm could lend,
Like that which spoke of a departed friend—
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile !—
Pray for her soul !—from every earthly ill
Remov'd—in this cold grave her heart is still.*

* See the affecting story of Roland—Views on the Rhine.

ENTERING SWITZERLAND.

UNKNOWN, weary and slow, from day to day,
I wander on, still looking back to view—
Where the dim distance blends its softer hue—
The streams, and tow'rs, and hills, that steal away.
So fares it with the children of the earth ;
For when life's opening prospect glitters round,
Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,
Where every glen sounds to the pipe of mirth :
But THEM, alas ! the dream of youth beguiles,
And soon a pensive look, like me, they cast—
Back on the mountains of the morning past ;
Yet Hope, still beckons, and still beckoning smiles,
And to a brighter world her view extends,
When earth's long darkness on her path descends.

EVENING—CROSSING THE SCHELDT,
AT ANTWERP.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The battlement, the tow'r, the farthest hill
And wood—I think of those who have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure
flaunts,
Retiring, wander to the ring-dove's haunts
Unseen;—and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, oft to musing Fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery !
Alas ! for man, that hope's fair views the while,
Should smile like these, and perish as they smile !

VIEW OF ENGLAND FROM THE SEA.

Yes ! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
When thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
Of thy own cliffs, rearing their summits, white,
Above the wave—once more, my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails !

Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
Woke redolent, amid your hawthorn vales,
And fill'd with fragrance every village lane :

Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave !
Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
Which bears me nearer to my home again ;
If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to Peace—I yet may meet her there.

RETURN TO OXFORD.

CHERWELL.

CHERWELL! how pleas'd along thy willow'd edge
Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
To tinge aloft the turret's golden fan,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge !
And now reclin'd upon thy banks once more,
I bid the pipe FAREWELL, and that sad lay
Whose music on my melancholy way
I woo'd, beneath thy willows waving hoar,
Seeking to rest—till the returning sun
Of joy shine out, as when Heav'n's humid bow
Shines silent on the passing storm below ;
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
Till Eve's dim hand shall close the sinking scene.

ON ACCIDENTALLY MEETING A LADY
NOW NO MORE.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AFTER THE FOREGOING.

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair—
How beautiful let fond remembrance say !
Alas ! since then old Time has stol'n away
Nigh forty years, leaving my temples bare :—
So hath it perish'd—like a thing of air,
The dream of love and youth :—We now are grey ;
Yet still rememb'ring youth's enchanted way,
Though time has chang'd my look, and blanch'd
my hair,
Though I remember one sad hour with pain,
And never thought—long as I yet might live—
And parted long—to hear that voice again—
I can a sad, but cordial greeting, give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a pray'r,
LADY, AS WHEN I LOV'D THEE YOUNG AND FAIR !

IMAGINATIVE AND MORAL.

A VISION OF TIME.

INFANCY—YOUTH—LOVE—DEATH-BELL—MORAL.

*Αργαλεως φερεται πολιος χρονος, αλλα παρερπων,
Και φωνας κλεπτει φεγγομενων μεροπων.*

Though swift the moments pass along,
To some they scarcely seem to move ;
Whilst Fancy sings her elfin song
Of Hope, of Joyance, and of Love.

As through a vale alone and lost I stray'd,
Methought, beside a mould'ring temple's stone,
The tale of whose dark structure was unknown,
I saw the FORM of TIME : his Scythe's long blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
Fearful, as oft the wind, the tussucks green
Mov'd stirring, to and fro : the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn,
When touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent ;
Meantime a naked boy, with aspect sweet,
Play'd smiling with the hour glass at his feet !

Apart from these, and in a verdant glade,
 A sleeping Infant on the moss was laid,
 O'er which a female form her vigils kept,
 And watch'd it, softly-breathing as it slept.
 Then I drew nigh, and to my list'ning ear
 Came, stealing soft and slow, this ditty clear :

“ Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
 “ Sweetest babe, in safety lie ;
 “ I thy mother kneel and pray,
 “ At opening, and at close of day,
 “ That thou may'st sleep, or wake, sweet boy,
 “ Sleep in peace, or wake with joy.

“ Thy father is far off, at sea,
 “ And when the moon is up the sky,
 “ And the winds of night* are high,
 “ Who knows if he remembers thee ?

“ Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
 “ Sweetest babe in safety lie.”

Hush'd in still slumber, its calm eye-lids clos'd,
 One little hand upon its heaving breast,

* The classical reader will remember the most poetical and affecting incident, in Theocritus, of Alcmena rocking to sleep her two infants in the hollow of their father's shield.
 “Ενδετ' ἐμὸν Βρεφέα γλυκερὸν καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὅπνον.

Amidst the flow'rs this breathing 'Child repos'd,
 And ring-doves murmur'd it to stiller rest.
 Unheard, far off, the mutt'ring thunder roll'd,
 Unseen, far off, the meteor lightnings play'd,
 While prayers and peace were here, and clouds like
 gold,
 Hung lovely, o'er the visionary glade.
 The scene is chang'd : a bevy bright and fair
 Come dancing, youths and virgins in a throng.—
 Saw ye their wreaths ? Heard ye the air,
 Which all the echoes of the hills prolong ?

“ Golden lads and lasses gay,*
 “ Now is life's sweet holiday :
 “ Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
 “ And Love's own hand the vale with violets strew.”

Then sweeter came, methought with accents
 clear,
 This voice in soft accordance to mine ear.
 It sung, “ O Youth, still joyous on thy way,
 “ May'st thou be found ; now that her purple wing
 “ The morning waves, and the fresh woodlands sing.
 “ Nor let cold wisdom's voice thy heart dismay,
 “ Telling thee Hope and Pleasure last not long ;

† “ Golden Lads and Lasses must
 “ All follow thee, and turn to dust.” Shakspeare.

“ That Age will come, like pilgrim poor and old,
“ And wan Disease, with cheerless aspect cold;
“ But listen to my mirth-inspiring song : . . .
“ The shadow’d landscape, and the golden sun,
“ The skies so cloudless, and the pastures green,
“ And all the hills, at distance, lovelier seen,
“ Invite thee, life’s delightful race to run.”

So light of heart this bevy tripp’d along,
But now the dark Musician chang’d his song :
“ Who, in tender transport lying,
“ While the gentle wizard sings,
“ Thinks not of the hour that’s flying,
“ Or the noise of human things ?”

I look’d, and saw upon a lake, alone,
Stealing beneath the bank, a little boat
(Upon whose sail the light of morning shone)
Still, on its shade, without a murmur, float.
Aërial hills rose o’er the woods remote :
On all things round there was a silence deep,
Save when at times was heard the turtle’s note,
Or distant pipe, or bell of wand’ring sheep.
Upon the bank myrtles and lilies grew,
And mantling woodbines mark’d a sylvan cave,
And here and there, with flow’rs of various hue,
The green-sward slope descended to the wave.
And in that boat, with look that witness’d joy

And love, a beautiful and winged Boy *
Sat at the helm, and as the breezes fann'd
His yellow-stirring hair, filling the sail
Gently, he smil'd, and lifted in his hand
A blooming May-thorn, whilst the Wizard sung,
OLD TIME, as he himself were beautiful and young,
Seeming with moody joy the fairy sight to hail :

Meantime the hoar Musician sings,
Hiding the shadow of his sable wings :—
“BLEST HOURS, BUT AH ! TOO TRANSIENT, COULD
“YE STAY
“YOUR RAPID FLIGHT, HOW SWEET WERE LIFE'S
“LONG WAY !”

I stood like one who with uplifted eyes
Pursues the morning rainbow as it flies ;
But, sudden, from the bank is heard a cry,
“See ! where it stalks—that gaunt anatomy !
“Tis DEATH ! low thunder at a distance roll'd,
Sky low'r'd, and hark ! it was a Death-bell toll'd,
The boat, the May-day Bevy, disappear'd,
And from the clouds a voice was heard :

* “Ipse gubernator residens in puppe Cupido.” *Ovid.*
A most beautiful and picturesque image.

“ Mortal, in thy flowry prime,
“ Forget not the fleet wings of Time.
“ When the woods and vallies ring
“ To music of life’s opening spring,
“ Let not PASSION’s syren lay
“ Lure thy trusting heart astray.

“ LOVE’s enchanting visions gleam,
“ But, ah ! they are not what they seem !
“ Nor let sullen CARE destroy,
“ Every thought of blameless joy !
“ Use the PRESENT, but not so
“ That it may lead to years of woe.

“ Take the good the Heav’ns impart,
“ With a meek, a thankful heart ;
“ And think of joys, that steal away,
“ But as companions of a day,
“ Love, and youth’s delightful spring,
“ Time shall bear with rapid wing ;

“ But, when Passion’s hour is past,
“ FIDELITY and TRUTH shall last ;
“ Last till the few sands are run !
“ And life beholds the sinking Sun !
“ Nor think that then the parting knell
“ Sounds o’er the grave a last Farewell ;

“ For higher, purer joys remain,
“ Far beyond yon starry plain ;
“ Where sorrow shall no loss deplore,
“ Where TIME and CHANGE shall be no more.”

I look'd, but saw not now, the boat or stream ;
Pass'd as the shadowy pictures of a dream :—
I look'd upon the spot where with white beard
That Phantom-Minstral o'er his harp inclin'd ;
I saw alone his shadow vast, and heard
THE SOUND OF MIGHTY PENNONS, CLANGING IN
THE WIND !

A VISION OF THE FOUR WINDS.

WRITTEN DURING THE LATE WAR.

WHEN pale October bade the flow'rs adieu,
And Autumn sung amid the seaman's shrouds,
Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
With garments, streaming light, above the clouds;
From adverse regions of the sky,
In dim succession, they swept by :
The first, as o'er the billowy deep he past,
Blew from his brazen trump a war-denouncing blast.

Upon a misty mountain high,
With streaming beard, and brow severe,
I mark'd the FATHER* of the parting year !
Dim vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky,
When Winter from his cave came forth ;
“ Dark spirit of the Storm, WHAT FROM THE
“ NORTH ?”

* “ Then comes the FATHER of the tempest forth.”
Thomson.

‘ SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE !’ and again
He blew from his loud trump a deadlier blast
‘ SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE !’ till the main
Seem’d with hoarse voice to answer as he past.

The moody South went by, and silence kept ;
The cloudy rack oft hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the show’r, as if he wept
The ceaseless sorrows of this mortal scene ;
Seem’d, he would wish to hide himself, and throw
His misty mantle o’er a world of woe.

But rousing him from his desponding trance,
Cold EURUS blew his sharp and shrilling horn ;
In his right hand he bore an icy lance,
Which far off glitter’d in the frost of morn ;
Old winter heard his clarion from afar,
“ WHAT FROM THE EAST ?”—‘ SHOUTS AND THE
NOISE OF WAR !’

But who comes here in skiey vest,
From the mild region of the West ?
An azure veil bends waving o’er his head,
And show’rs of violets at his feet are spread ?
‘ Tis ZEPHYR, with a look as young and fair
As when his lucid wings convey’d
That beautiful and gentle maid

PYSCHE,* transported thro' the air,
The couch of Love's own God to share.

And Zephyr leads the morn of May—
The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols, but is not seen so high,
And all the howling winds fly far away!
Then said I “FATHER of the world, whose might,
“The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
“Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
“Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!
“Oh, when will sink the dissonance and din,
“And the Cuckoo sing ‘SUMMER IS COMING IN!'”†

* Alluding to the beautiful fable of Pysche, carried by Zephyr to Cupid.

† “Sommer is cummin inn.” Dr. Burney.

IMAGINATIVE AND PATHETIC.

FROM THE SYLPH OF SUMMER; OR AIR.

PART OF A PROJECTED POEM, ON THE
ELEMENTS.

GARDEN SCENE.

— "Tis pleasant, when thy breath is on the leaves
Without, to rest in this embowering shade,
And mark the green fly, circling to and fro,
O'er the still water, with his dragon wings
Shooting from bank to bank, now in quick turns,
Then swift athwart, as is the gazer's glance,
Pursuing still his mate; they, with delight,
As if they mov'd in morris, to the sound
Amusive of this ever-dripping rill,
Now in advance, now in retreat, now round,
Dart through their mazy rings, and seem to say
"THE SUMMER AND THE SUN ARE OURS."

Away!

SYLPH OF THE SUMMER! with the early bee,
That sounds his horn, busy'd from flow'r to flow'r,

Speed to the yellow meads, or o'er the furze,
That paints with bloom intense the upland crofts
With momentary essence tinge thy wings ;
Or in the grassy lanes, one after one,
Up lift the nodding foxglove's purple bell.
Thence, to the distant sea, and where the flag
Hangs idly down, without a wavy curl,
Thou, hover o'er the topmast, or extend
The full and flowing main-sail : "Steadily,"
The helmsman cries, as now thy breath is heard
Among the stirring cordage o'er his head,
"So, steadily," (he cries, as right he steers,—
"Speeds our proud ship along the world of wave

SYLPH, may thy fav'ring breath more gently bl
More gently round the temples, and the cheek,
Of Him, who, leaving HOME and friends behin
In silence musing on the rail-way leans,
And watches every passing shade that marks
The southern Channel's fast-retiring line ;
Then, as the ship rolls on, keeps a long look
Fix'd on the less'ning LIZARD,* the last point
Of that beloved country, where he left
All his fond hopes behind : it lessens still,
Still,—still it lessens, and now disappears.
He turns, and only sees the waves that rock

* The Lizard-Head, Cornwall.

Boundless!—How many anxious morns shall rise,
How many moons shall light the farthest seas,
O'er what new scenes and regions shall he stray,
A weary man, still thinking of his HOME,
Ere he again that sight shall view, and greet
With blissful thronging hopes and starting tears,
Of heartfelt welcome, and of warmest love !

Perhaps, ah!—never!—So didst thou go forth,
MY POOR LOST BROTHER!*——†

The airs of morning, as enticing, play'd,
And gently, round thee, and their whisperings
Might soothe (if aught could soothe) a boding heart ;
For thou wert bound to visit scenes of death,
Where the sick gale (alas, unlike the breeze
That bore the gently-swelling sail along)
Was tainted with the breath of Pestilence,
Who smote the silent camp, and night and day
Sat mocking on the putrid carcases.—
THOU TOO DIDST PERISH!—As the South-West
blows,
Thy bones, perhaps, now whiten on the coast

* Dr. Henry Bowles, on the medical-staff, sent to Gibralter during the pestilential fever there, and buried in the Atlantic.

† See "Scenes and Shadows."

Of old ALGARVA.* I, meantime, these shades
Of village solitude (hoping, erewhile,
To welcome thee, from many a toil restor'd)
Still deck, and now thy empty urn † alone
I see, where, swaying in the summer gale,
The willow whispers in my evening walk.

Sylph, in thy airy robe, I see thee float,
A rainbow o'er thy head, and in thy hand
The magic instrument,§ that as thy wing
(Lucid, and painted like the butterfly's)
Waves to and fro, most musically rings,
Sometimes in joyance, as the flaunting leaf
Of the white poplar, sometimes sad and slow,
As bearing pensive airs from Pity's grave.

* South coast of Portugal.

† An urn erected to his memory.

‡ Æolian harp.

IMAGINATIVE AND MORAL.

SCENES AND SONGS, OF A VISION OF HOPE.

But thou, oh ! Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure ? COLLINS.

I.

“ I AM the comforter of them that mourn,
“ My scenes well-shadow’d, and my carol sweet,
“ Cheer the poor passengers of life’s rude bourne,
“ Till they are shelter’d in that last retreat,
“ Where human toils and troubles are forgot.”

These sounds I heard amid this mortal road,
When I had reach’d with pain one pleasant spot,
So that for joy some tears in silence flow’d ;
I rais’d mine eyes, which sickness long deprest,
And felt thy warmth, O sun, come cheering to my
breast.

II.

The storm of night had ceas’d upon the plain,
When thoughtful in the forest-walk I stray’d,
To the long hollow murmur of the main
List’ning, and to the many leaves that made
A drowsy cadence, as the high trees wav’d ;
When straight a beauteous scene burst on my
sight ;

Smooth were the waters that the low-land lav'd;
 And lo ! a form, as of some fairy sprite,
 Who held in her right-hand a budding spray,
 And like a sea-maid sung her sweetly-warbled lay.

III.

Soothing as steals the summer-wave she sung,
 " The grisly phantoms of the night are gone
 " To hear in shades forlorn the death-bell rung;
 " But thou whom sickness hast left weak and
 wan,
 " Turn from their spectre-terrors ; the green sea
 " That whispers at my feet, the matin gale
 " That crisps its shining marge, shall solace thee,
 " And thou my long-forgotten voice shalt hail,
 " For I am Hope, whom weary hearts confess
 " The soothest sprite that sings on life's long wil-
 derness."

IV. .

As slowly ceas'd her tender voice, I stood
 Delighted : the hard way, so lately past,
 Seem'd smooth ; the ocean's bright-extended
 flood
 Before me stretch'd ; the clouds that overcast
 Heaven's melancholy vault, hurry'd away,
 Driv'n seaward, and the azure hills appear'd;
 The sun-beams shone upon their summits grey,
 Strange saddening sounds no more by fits were
 heard,

But birds, in new leaves shrouded, sung aloft,
And o'er the level seas spring's healing airs blew
soft.

v.

As when a traveller, who many days
Hath journey'd 'mid Arabian deserts still,
A dreary solitude far on surveys,
Nor hears, or flitting bird, or gushing rill,
But near some marble ruin, gleaming pale,
Sighs mindful of the haunts of cheerful man,
And thinks he hears in every sickly gale
The bells of some approaching caravan ;
At length, emerging o'er the dim tract, sees
Damascus' golden fans, and minarets, and trees :

VI.

So beat my bosom when my winding way
Led through the thickets to a shelter'd vale,
Where the fair syren sat: a smooth clear bay
Skirted with woods appear'd, where many a sail
Went shining o'er the watery surface still,
Less'ning at last in the grey ocean flood ;
And yonder, half-way up the fronting hill,
Peeping from forth the trees, a cottage stood,
Above whose peaceful umbrage, trailing high,
A little smoke went up, and stain'd the cloudless
sky.

VII.

I turn'd, and lo, a mountain seem'd to rise,
Upon whose top a spiry citadel
Lifted its dim-seen turrets to the skies,
Where some high lord of the domain might
dwell :
And onward, where the eye scarce stretch'd it
sight,
Hills over hills in long succession rose,
Touch'd with a softer and yet softer light,
And all was blended as in deep repose,
The woods, the sea, the hills that shone so fair,
'Till woods, and sea, and hills, seem'd fading into
air.

VIII.

At once, methought, I saw a various throng
To this enchanting spot their footsteps benn
All drawn, sweet Hope, by thy inspiring song
Which melodies scarce mortal seem to benn
First buxom Youth, with cheeks of glowing re
Came lightly tripping o'er the morning dew
He wore a harebell garland on his head,
And stretch'd his hands at the bright-burstir
view :
A mountain fawn went bounding by his side,
Around whose slender neck a silver bell was tied

IX.

Then said I, ' Mistress of the magick song,
‘ O pity ’twere that hearts which know no guile
‘ Should ever feel the pangs of ruth or wrong !’
She heeded not, but sung with lovelier smile,
“ Enjoy, O youth, the season of thy May,
“ Hark, how the throstles in the hawthorn sing,
“ The hoary time, that resteth night nor day,
“ O’er the earth’s shade may speed with noise-
less wing :
“ But heed not thou : snatch the brief joys that
rise,
“ And sport beneath the light of these unclouded
skies.”

X.

His fine eye flashing an unwonted fire,
Then Fancy o’er the glade delighted went
He struck at times a small and silver lyre,
Or gaz’d upon the rolling element ;
Sometimes he took his mirror, which did show
The various landscape lovelier than the life ;
Beaming more bright the vivid tints did glow,
And so well mingled was the colours’ strife,
That the fond heart, the beauteous shades once
seen,
Would sigh for such retreats, for vales and woods
so green !

XI.

Gay was his aspect, and his airy vest,
As loose it flow'd, such colours did display
As paint the clouds reposing in the west,
Or the moist rainbow's radiant arch inlay
And now he tripp'd, like fairy of the wood,
And seem'd with dancing spirits to rejoice
And now he hung his head in pensive mood
Meantime, O Hope, he listen'd to thy voi
And whilst of joy and youth it cheerly sung
He touch'd his answering harp, and o'er the va
sprung.

XII.

Pleasure, a frolick nymph, to the glad soun
Came dancing as all tears she might forg
And now she gaz'd with a sweet archness ro
And wantonly display'd a silken net :
She won her way with fascinating air—
Her eyes illumin'd with a tender light,
Her smile's strange blandishment, her shad
hair
That length'ning hung, her teeth like iv
white,
That peep'd from her moist lip, seem'd to ins
Tumultuous wishes warm, and dreams of fond de

XIII.

What softer passions did thy bosom move,
When those melodious measures met thine ear,
Child of Sincerity, and virtuous Love ?
Thine eyes did shine beneath a blissful tear
That still were turned to the tranquil scene,
Where the thin smoke rose from th' embow'red
cot ;
And thou didst think, that there, with smile serene,
In quiet shades, and every pang forgot,
Thou mightest sink on pure Affection's breast,
And listen to the winds that whisper'd thee to rest.

XIV.

I thought, “ O Love, how seldom art thou found
“ Without annoyance in this earthly state !
“ For haply thou dost feed some rankling wound,
“ Or on thy youth pale poverty doth wait,
“ Till years on years, heavy are roll'd away ;
“ Or where thou most didst hope firm faith
 to see,
“ Thou meetest fickleness estrang'd and cold ;
“ Or if some true and tender heart there be
“ On which, thro' every change, thy soul might
 trust,
“ Death comes with his fell dart, and smites it to
 the dust.”

XV.

But lusty Enterprize, with looks of glee,
Approach'd the drooping youth, as he would
say,
“ Come to the high woods and the hills with me,
“ And cast thy sullen myrtle-wreath away !”
Upon a neighing courser he did sit,
That stretch'd its arched neck, in conscious
pride,
And champ'd as with disdain a golden bit,
But Hope her animating voice apply'd,
And Enterprize with speed impetuous pass'd,
Whilst the long vale return'd his wreathed bugle's
blast.

XVI.

Suddenly, lifting high his pond'rous spear,
A mailed man came forth with scornful pride,
I saw him tow'ring in his proud career
Along the valley like a giant stride :
Upon his helm, in letters of bright gold,
That to the sun's meridian splendour shone,
AMBITION's name far off I might behold.
Meantime from earth there came a hollow
moan :
But FAME, who follow'd, her loud trumpet blew,
And to the murmuring beach with eyes on flame
he flew.

XVII.

And now already had he gain'd the strand,
Where a tall vessel rode with sail unfurl'd,
And soon he thought to reach the farther land,
Which to his eager eye seem'd like a world
That he by strength might win and make his own,
And in that citadel, which shone so bright,
Seat him, a purple sovereign, on his throne.
So he went tilting o'er the waters white,
And whilst he oft look'd back with stern disdain,
In louder tone, methought, was heard the inspiring
strain.

XVIII.*

“ By the shade of cities old,
“ By many a river stain'd with gore,
“ By the sword of Sesac bold
“ Who smote the nations from the shore
“ Of ancient Nile to India's farthest plain,
“ By Fame's proud pillars, and by Valour's
 shield,
“ By mighty chiefs in glorious battles slain,
“ Assert thy sway: amid the bloody field
“ Pursue thy march, and to the heights sublime
“ Of Honor's glittering cliffs, a mighty conqueror,
 climb.”

* Written at the time of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt.

XIX.

Then said I in my heart, ' Man, thou dost rear
' Thine eye to Heav'n, and vaunt thy lofty
worth :
' The ensign of dominion thou dost bear
' O'er nature's works ; but thou dost oft go
forth,
' Urg'd by proud hopes to ravage and destroy ;
' Thou dost build up a name by cruel deeds,
' Whilst to the peaceful scenes of Love and Joy,
' Sorrow, and Crime, and Solitude, succeeds.
' Hence, when her war-song Victory doth sing,
' Destruction flaps aloft her iron-hurtling wing ?'

XX.

But see, as one awak'd from deadly trance,
With hollow and dim eyes and stony stare,
Captive with faltering step advance !
Dripping and knotted was her coal-black hair :
For she had long been hid, as in the grave ;
No sounds the silence of her prison broke,
Nor one companion had she in her cave
Save Terror's dismal shape, that no word
spoke,
But to a stony coffin on the floor
With lean and hideous finger pointed evermore.

XXI.

The lark's shrill song, the early village chime,
The upland echo of the winding horn,
The far-heard clock that spoke the passing time,
Had never pierc'd her solitude forlorn :
At length releas'd from the deep dungeon's gloom
She feels the fragrance of the vernal gale,
She sees more sweet the living landscape bloom,
And while she listens to Hope's tender tale,
She thinks her long-lost friends shall bless her
sight,
And almost faints with joy amidst the broad day-
light.

XXII.

And near the spot, as with reluctant feet,
Slowly desponding Melancholy drew,
The wind and rain her naked breast had beat,
Sunk was her eye, and sallow was her hue.
In the huge forest's unrejoicing shade
Bewilder'd had she wander'd day by day,
And many a grisly fiend her heart dismay'd,
And cold and wet upon the ground she lay :
But now such sounds with mellow sweetness
stole,
As lapp'd in dreams of bliss her slow-consenting
soul.

XXIII.

Next, to the woody glen, poor Mania stray'd :
 Most pale and wild, yet gentle was her look,
A slender garland she of straw had made
 Of flow'rs and rushes from the running brook ;
But as she sadly pass'd, the tender sound
 Of its sharp pang her wounded heart beguil'd.
She dropp'd her half-made garland on the ground,
 And then she sigh'd, and then in tears she
 smil'd,
But smiled so, that pity would have said,
“ O God, be merciful to that poor hapless maid !”

XXIV.

Now ravingly she cry'd, “ The whelming main—
 “ The wintry wave rolls over his cold head,
“ I never shall behold his form again—
 “ Hence, flattering fancies—he is dead, is dead !
“ Perhaps upon some wild shore he is cast,
 “ Where on their prey Barbarians howling
 rush,
“ O fiercer they, than is the whelming blast !
 “ Hush, my poor heart—my wakeful sorrows,
 hush !
“ He lives—I yet shall press him to my heart,
“ And cry, O no, no, no,—we never more will
 part !”

XXV.

So sung she, when despairing, from his cell
 Hid farthest in the lone umbrageous wood,
Where many a winter he had lov'd to dwell,
 Came grim Remorse : fixt in deep thought
 he stood,
His senses pierc'd by the unwonted tone—
 Some stagnant blood-drops from his locks he
 shook—
He saw the trees that wav'd, the sun that shone,
 He cast around an agonized look ;
Then with a ghastly smile that spoke his pain,
He hied him to his cave in thickest shades again.

XXVI.

And now the sun sunk westward, and the sky
 Was hung with thousand lucid pictures gay ;
When gazing on the scene with placid eye,
 An ancient man appear'd in amice grey.
His sandal shoes were by long travel worn,
 O'er hill and valley, many a weary mile,
Yet droop'd he not, like one in years forlorn ;
 His pale cheek wore a sad, but tender smile ;
'Twas sage Experience, by his look confess'd,
And white as frost his beard descended to his
 breast.

XXVII.

Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place,
 And sweet are those melodious notes I hear
 And happy they among man's toiling race
 Who, of their cares forgetful, wander near
 Me they delight, whom sickness and slow pain
 Have bow'd almost to death with heavy hair
 The fairy scenes refresh my heart again,
 And pleas'd I listen to that musick bland,
 Which seems to promise hours of joy to come
 And bids me tranquil seek my poor but peaceful
 home.*

XXVIII.

He said, " Alas ! these shadows soon may fly
 " Like the gay creatures of the element :
 " Yet do poor mortals still with raptur'd eye
 " Behold like thee the pictures they present
 " And charm'd by Hope's sweet musick on the
 fare,
 " And think they soon shall reach that bliss
 goal,
 " Where never more the sullen knell of Care
 " Departed friends and sever'd loves shall tell
 " So on they fare ; till all their troubles cease
 " And on a lap of earth they lay them down in peace

* That of a village curate.

XXIX.

“ But not there ceases their immortal claim,
 (“ From golden clouds I heard a small voice
 say)
“ Wisdom rejoiceth in a higher aim,
 “ Nor heeds the transient shadows of a day.
“ These earthly sounds may die away, and all
 “ These perishable pictures sink in night,
“ But Virtue from the dust her sons shall call,
 “ And lead them forth to joy, and life, and
 light,
“ Tho' from their languid grasp earth's comforts
 fly,
“ And with the silent worm their bury'd bodies lie.

XXX.

“ For other scenes there are, and in a clime
 “ Purer, and other strains to earth unknown
“ Where Heaven's high host with symphonies
 sublime
 “ Sing ‘ Unto HIM that sitteth on the throne.’
“ Enough for man, if he the task fulfill
 “ Which God ordain'd, and to his journey's end
“ Bear him right on, betide him good or ill;
 “ Then Hope to soothe his death-bed shall descend,
“ Nor leave him, till in mansions of the blest
“ He gains his destin'd home, his everlasting rest.”

FROM VERSES ON THE PHILANTHROPY
SOCIETY.

CHILDHOOD.

OH! hapless Infancy! if aught could move
The hardest heart to pity and to love,
'Twere surely found in thee: rude passions may
Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dare
The stealing line of sorrow; but thine eye
Wears not distrust, or grief, or perfidy:—
Thy tear is soon forgotten; thou wilt weep,
And then the murmuring winds will hush thy sobs;
As 'twere with some sad musick;—and thy smile
Unlike the world's, that mask deceitful wiles,
Best suit thy helpless innocence, and lend
A charm might win the world to be thy friend

ON LEAVING THE HOME OF PATERNAL
RESIDENCE.

IF I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell
Without a sigh, amidst whose circling bow'rs
My stripling prime was pass'd, and happiest hours,
Dead were I to the sympathies that swell
The human breast ! These woods, that whispering
wave,

My father rear'd and nurs'd, now to the grave
Gone down ; he lov'd their peaceful shades, and said
Perhaps, as here he mus'd, " Live, laurels green ;
" Ye pines, that shade the solitary scene,
" Live blooming and rejoice : when I am dead
" My son shall guard you, and amid your bow'rs,
" Like me, find shelter from life's beating show'rs."

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear ;
And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,
A stranger shall possess the lov'd domain,
In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.
But these are shadows of the shaping brain
That now my heart, alas ! can ill sustain—

We must forget—the world is wide—th' abode
It boots not, so, to every chance resign'd,
Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road.
Where'er the spot, we bear th' unalter'd mind.
Yet, oh ! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade,
Remember, ere I left your coverts green,
Where in my youth I mus'd, in childhood play'd,
I gaz'd, I paus'd, I dropp'd a tear unseen,
(That bitter from the font of memory fell)
Thinking on him who rear'd you—Now, farewell !

MONODY WRITTEN AT MATLOCK.

MATLOCK ! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequester'd, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks,
Once more I meet the long-neglected Muse,
As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary WENSBECK, or the side
Of CLYSDALE's cliffs, where first her voice she try'd,
I stray'd a pensive boy.—Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chill'd her breast,
And much, as much they might, her wing de-
press'd—

Wan Indolence, resign'd, her dead'ning hand
Laid on her heart, and Fancy dropp'd her wand—
Dropp'd at the frown of fortune ; yet once more
I call her, and once more her converse sweet,
'Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
I woo ;—if yet delightful as of yore
My heart she may revisit, nor deny
The soothing aid of some sweet melody !

I hail the rugged rocks that burst around—
I mark the wreathed roots, the saplings grey,

That bend o'er the dark DERWENT's wand'ring way ;
I hear its stream, with peace-persuading sound,
That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
Or, at the foot of frowning crags uprear'd,
Complains like one forsaken and unheard.
To me, it seems to tell the pensive tale
Of spring-time, and the summer days all flown—
And while sad autumn's voice e'en now I hear
Beneath the umbrage of the high-wood moan,
Whose shivering leaves at intervals fall sear ;
Whilst o'er the group of pendant groves I view
The slowly-spreading tints of pining hue,
I think of poor Humanity's brief day,
How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed away !

When first young Hope,* a golden-tressed boy,
Most musical his early madrigal
Sings to the whispering waters as they fall,
Breathing fresh airs of fragrance and of joy,
The wild woods gently wave—the morning sheds
Her rising radiance on the mountain-heads—
Strew'd with green isles appears old Ocean's reign,
And seen at distance rays of resting light
Silver the farthest promontory's height :
Then hush'd is the long murmur of the main,

* I have presumed in this place to make "Hope," a boy.

Whilst silent o'er the slowly-crisping tides,
Bound to some beaming spot, the bark of pleasure
glides.

Alas ! the scenes that smile in light array'd,
Shine a brief space, and then in darkness fade.

We, poor adventurers, of peace bereft,
Look back on the green hills which late we left,
Or turn, with beating breast and anxious eye,
To some faint hope that glimm'ring meets our sight,
(Like the lone watch-tow'r in the storm of night)
Then on the dismal waste are driv'n despairing by !

Meantime, amid the landscape cold and mute,
Hope, thine enchanter, sighing drops his lute :
So mortal change with slow decay succeeds,
And o'er the silent scene Time, like a giant, speeds !

Yet the bleak cliffs on high
(Around whose beetling crags, with ceaseless coil,
And still-returning flight, the ravens toil)
Heed not the changeful seasons as they fly,
Nor spring, nor autumn : they their hoary brow
Uplift, and ages past, as in this now,
The same deep trenches unsubdu'd have worn,
The same majestick frown, and looks of lofty scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailed warrior old,
Appears : he lifts his scar-intrenched crest :
The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast :
He hears far off the storm of havock roll'd :
The feeble fall around : their sound is past :
Their sun is set : their place no more is known :
Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast
They perish :—He unshaken and alone
Remains—his brow a sterner shade assumes,
By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane,
That raves resistless o'er the ravag'd plain,
But shakes unfelt his helmet's quiv'ring plumes.

And so yon sov'reign * of the scene I mark
Above the woods rear his majestick head,
That soon all shatter'd at his feet will shed
Their summer tresses—he the winter dark
Regardless, and the wasteful time that flies,
Rejoicing in his lonely might, defies.

Thee, wandering in the deep and craggy dell,
Sequester'd stream, with other thoughts I view :
Thou dost in solitude thy course pursue,
As thou hadst bid life's busy scenes farewell,
Yet making still such musick as might cheer
The weary passenger that journeys near.

* Matlock High Tor.

Such are the songs of Peace in Virtue's shade,
Unheard of Folly, or the vacant train
That pipe and dance upon the noon-tide plain,
Till in the dust together they are laid !
But not unheard of **HIM**, who sits sublime
Above the clouds of this tempestuous clime,
Its stir and strife ; to whom more grateful rise
The humble incense, and the still small voice
Of those that on their pensive way rejoice,
Than shouts of thousands echoing to the skies ;
Than songs of conquest pealing round the car
Of hard Ambition, or the Fiend of War,
Sated with slaughter.—Nor may I, sweet Stream,
From thy wild banks and still retreats depart,
(Where now I meditate my casual theme)
Without some mild improvement on my heart
Pour'd sad, yet pleasing ! so may I forget
The crosses and the cares that sometimes fret
Life's smoothest channel, and each wish prevent
That mars the silent current of content !

In such a spot, amidst these rugged views,
The pensive poet in his drooping age
Might wish to place his reed-roof'd hermitage—
Where much on life's vain shadows he might muse !
If fortune smil'd not on his early way,
If he were doom'd to mourn a faithless friend,
Here he might rest, and, when his hairs were grey

Behold in peace the parting day descend :
If a hard world his errors scann'd severe,
(When late the earth receiv'd his mould'ring clay)
Perhaps some lov'd companion wand'ring near,
Plucking the grey moss from the stone, might say,
“ Him I remember in our careless days
“ Vacant and glad, till many a loss severe
“ First hung his placid eyelids with a tear ;
“ Yet on such visions ardent would he gaze.
“ As the muse lov'd, which oft would smile and die
“ Like the faint bow that leaves the weeping sky—
“ His heart unguarded, yet it proudly beat
“ Against hard wrong, or coward cold deceit ;—
“ Nor pass'd he e'er, without a sigh, the cell
“ Where wretchedness and her pale children dwell.
“ He never wish'd to win the world's cold ear,
“ Nor, known to those he lov'd, its blame could fear;
“ Its praise he left to those, who, at their will,
“ Th' ingenious strain of torturing art could trill!
“ Content, as random fancies might inspire,
“ If his weak reed, at times, or lonely lyre,
“ He touch'd with desultory hand, and drew
“ Some soften'd tones, to Nature not untrue.”

The leaves, O DERWENT ! on thy bosom still
Oft with the gust now fall—the season pale
Hath smote with hand unseen the pining vale,
And slowly steals the verdure from the hill—

So the fair scene departs, yet wears awhile
The lingering traces of its beauteous smile :
But we who by thy margin stray, or climb
The cliff's aërial height, or join the song
Of hope and gladness amidst yonder throng,
(“*Losing the brief and fleeting hours of time,*”)
Reck not how age, ev'n thus, with icy hand
Hangs o'er us—how, as with a wizard's wand,
Youth blooming like the spring, and roseate mirth,
To slow and sear consumption he shall change,
And with invisible mutation strange,
Wither'd and wasted send them to the earth
Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment !

Bright bursts the sun upon the shaggy scene ;
The aged rocks their glittering summits grey
Hang beautiful amid the beams of day ;
And all the woods, with slowly-fading green,
Yet smiling wave :—severer thoughts, away !
The night is distant, and the lovely day
Looks on us yet—the sound of mirthful cheer
From yonder dome comes pleasant to the ear—
From rock to rock reverberated swells—
Hark !—the glad musick of the village bells :
On the crag's naked point the heifer lows,
And wide below the bright'ning landscape glows !

Though brief the time and short our course to run,
DERWENT! amid the scenes that deck thy side,
(Ere yet the parting paths of life divide)
Let us rejoice, seeking what may be won
From the laborious day, or fortune's frown :
Here may we, ere the sun of life goes down,
Awhile regardless of the morrow, dwell ;
Then to our destin'd roads, and speed us well !

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

SMOOTH went our boat upon the summer seas,
Leaving (for so it seem'd) the world behind,
Its noise, and sounds of sorrow : we, reclin'd
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
That o'er us whispering pass'd, or idly play'd
With the lithe flag aloft.—A woodland scene
On either side drew its slope line of green,
And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
Above the woods, NETLEY ! thy ruins pale
Peer'd, as we pass'd ; and VECTA's* azure hue
Beyond the misty castle † met the view ;
Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
So all was calm and sunshine as we went
Cheerily o'er the briny element.
Oh ! were this little boat to us the world,
As thus we wander'd far from sounds of care,
Circled with friends and gentle maidens fair,
Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curl'd ;
How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
We gain'd that haven still, where all things cease !

* Isle of Wight.

† Kelshot Castle.

SONNETS.

SECOND SERIES—ON ANOTHER OCCASION.

INTRODUCTION.

As o'er these hills I pace my silent rounds,
Still on that vision that is flown I dwell !
On images I lov'd, alas, how well !
Now pass'd, and but remember'd like sweet sounds
Of yesterday ; yet in my heart I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem,
And hours of joy retrace, till from the dream
I start, and find them not, and then I weep,
To think how Fortune blights the fairest flowers ;
To think how soon life's first endearments fail,
The winged imp whispers another tale !
Who, still a cozener, when the happiest hours
Are past, even when we cry, “ Deluder, stay ! ”
Is gone, as faithless and as fleet as they !

SPRING.

1793.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard
Heartless the carol of the morning bird
Beneath his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed ;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bath'd with slow-ascending dews ;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
In varying forms fantastic wander white ;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
While every sense is steep'd in still delight ;
So o'er my breast young Summer's breath I feel
With fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

TO ——.

OCTOBER 1793.

Go then, and join the murmuring city's throng !
Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
To busy phantasies, and boding fears,
Lest ill betide thee : but 'twill not be long
And the hard season shall be past : till then
Live happy ; sometimes the forsaken shade
Rememb'ring, and these trees now left to fade ;
Nor, 'mid the busy scenes and "hum of men,"
Wilt thou my cares forget : in heaviness
To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
Till mournful autumn past, and all the snow
Of winter pale ! the glad hour I shall bless,
That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

NOVEMBER 1793.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
When low'r's th' autumnal eve, and all alone
To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclin'd
Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sear.
If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
Thou late hast pass'd the happier hours of spring,
With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;
Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets at morn
Or evening, thou hast shar'd, far off shall stray.
O, spring, return ! return, auspicious May !
But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
If she return not with thy cheering ray,
Who from these shades is gone far far away.

BEREAVEMENT BY DEATH.

MAY 1793.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that whispering sweet,
Promis'd methought long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my delighted ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping ! 'Twas the voice of
Hope,
It seem'd of love and social scenes to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek ;
That, oh ! poor friend, might, to life's downward
slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me ! the prospect sadden'd as she sung ;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung ;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,
Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
" No peace be thine," exclaim'd, " away, away !"

MAY 1794.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on the coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill ?
Fresh flowers shall fringe the margin of the stream,
As with the songs of joyance and of hope
The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle in the transient beam ;
The shrubs and laurels which I lov'd to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance would delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my poor friend,
Shall put forth their green shoots, and cheer the
sight !
But I shall mark their hues with sadder eyes,
And weep the more for one who in the cold earth
lies !

RESIGNATION.

1794.

How blest with thee, in thought, the path I trod
Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate,
(And little wishing more) nor of the great
Envious, or their proud name ! but it pleas'd God
To take thee to his mercy : thou didst go—
In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed ;
Ev'n whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
Of years to come of comfort !—Be it so.
Ere this I have felt sorrow ; and ev'n now
(Tho' sometimes the unbidden thought will start,
And half unman the miserable heart)—
The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
“ FAREWELL, FAREWELL, TILL WE DO MEET AGAIN !”

MALVERN.

JULY 11, 1794.

I SHALL behold far off thy tow'ring crest,
Proud Mountain ! from thy heights as slow I stray
Down through the distant vale my homeward
way,
I shall behold, upon thy rugged breast,
The parting sun sit smiling : me the while,
Escap'd the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
May visit, as life's bitter losses press
Hard on my bosom : but I shall " beguile
" The thing I am," and think, that ev'n as thou
Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
Proud Mountain ! (whilst the scatter'd vapours fly
Unheeded round thy breast) so, with calm brow,
The shades of sadness I may meet, and wear
A smile unchang'd of peace, thought prest by care !

ON REVISITING OXFORD.

OXFORD, I never hear thy distant bells,
And mingling chime harmonious, but I say,
(Sighing to think how time has worn away)
“ Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
“ Heard after years of absence, from the vale
“ Where *Cherwell* winds.” Most true it speaks
the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scatter’d wide
By many fates.—Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Deny’d the peace sought in thy shades,*—deny’d
Each better hope, since my poor ***** died,
Thee, and the friends of youth, I never can forget!

* Having resigned a scholarship of Trinity.

MUSIC.

O HARMONY ! thou tend'rest nurse of pain,
If that thy note's sweet magic e'er can heal
Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
Oh ! let me listen to thy songs again,
Till Memory her fairest tints shall bring,
Hope wake with brighter eye, and list'ning seem
With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
That wav'd o'er the charm'd sense its gladsome
wing :
For when thou leadest all thy soothing strains
More smooth along, the silent passions meet
In one suspended transport, sad and sweet,
And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains,
That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
Just wakes a tear, and then is felt no more.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
 But when the winds, slow wafted from the main,
 Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once majestic in their prime
 Stood, smiling at decay, till bow'd by time
Or injury, their early boast forgot,
 They might have fallen like thee ! Pale and forlorn,
 Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as
 snow,
They lift, still unsubdued ; as they would scorn
 This short-liv'd scene of vanity and woe ;
 Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
 The trace of creeping age, or the pale hue of care.

SEPTEMBER.

I TURN these leaves with thronging thoughts, and
say,

“ Alas ! how many friends of youth are dead,
“ How many visions of fair hope have fled,
“ Since first, my Muse, me met :”—So speeds away

Life, and its shadows ; yet we sit and sing,
Stretch'd in the noontide bow'r, as if the day
Declin'd not, and we yet might trill our lay
Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
That fans us, while clouds at distance shine !

Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,
RELIGION, may we bless thy purer light,
That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
O'er earth's dim hemisphere, and sad we gaze
On the vain vision of our passing days !

ELEGY* AT THE HOTWELLS.

Inscribed to the Rev. Wm. Howley, Fellow of New College,
(now Archbishop of Canterbury,) then at Clifton, on ac-
count of declining health.

MARK ! how those riven rocks, on either shore,
Uplift their bleak and furrowed aspect high ;
How proudly desolate their forehead hoar,
That meets the earliest sunbeam of the sky !

Alas ! for those, by drooping sickness worn,
Who now come forth to meet the cheering ray ;
And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn,
Round their torn breast and throbbing temples
play !†

* Translated into French by Madame de Staél.

† From a beautiful idea, in a Latin prize Poem, by Wm. Jackson :

Et lacerum Pectus, zephyri mulcere tepentes.

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn ;
Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
To breathe of comfort never to return.

Yet, oft, as sadly thronging dreams arise,
Awhile, forgetful of all pain they gaze,
A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
And o'er their cheek the tender hec tick strays.

The purple morn that paints with sidelong gleam,
The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring,
With charm of birds rejoicing in the beam,
Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

Then at sad Meditation's silent hour,
A thousand wishes steal upon the heart ;
And whilst they meekly bend to heaven's high power,
They think 'tis hard, alas, how hard—to part ;

To part from every hope that brought delight,
From those who lov'd them, those they lov'd so
much !

Then Fancy swells the picture on the sight,
And softens every scene at every touch.

Sweet as the mellow'd woods beneath the moon,
Remembrance lends her soft uniting shades ;
Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon,
The world retires, and its dim prospect fades !

Airs of delight that soothe the aching sense ;
Waters of health that through yon cavern glide ;
Oh ! kindly yet your healing powers dispense , .
And bring back feeble life's exhausted tide !

Perhaps to these gray rocks and healing springs,
Some heart may come warm'd with the purest
fire ;
For whom bright Fancy plumes her radiant wings,
And warbling muses wake the lonely lyre.

Some orphan maid, deceived in early youth,
Pale o'er yon spring may hang in mute distress ;
Who dreamt of faith, of happiness, and truth,
Of love,—that virtue would protect and bless.

Some musing youth in silence there may bend,
Untimely stricken by sharp sorrow's dart ;
For friendship form'd, yet left without a friend,
And bearing still the arrow in his heart.

Such was lamented * Russel's early doom,
The gay companion of our stripling prime,
Ev'n so he sunk, unwept, into the tomb,
And o'er his head clos'd the dark gulf of time.

* Russel's Sonnets and other Poems were first published by Mr. Howley, with whom we wooed the muses together on the banks of Itchen.

Hither he came, a wan and weary guest,
A softning balm for many a wound to crave,
And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
Which now seems smiling on his verdant grave.

He heard the whispering winds which now we hear,
As boding much, along these hills he pass'd;
Yet, ah ! how mournful did they meet his ear,
On that sad morn, he heard them for the last.

So sinks the scene, like a departed dream,
Since late, we sojourn'd blithe in Wickham's
bowers,
Or heard the distant peal on Isis stream,*
And thought our way was strew'd with fairy
flowers !

Of those with whom we play'd upon the lawn,
Of early life, in the fresh morning play'd;
Alas ! how many since that vernal dawn,
Like thee, poor Russel, in the ground are laid.

Joyous awhile they wander'd hand in hand,
By friendship led along the spring-tide plain ?
How oft did Fancy wake her pleasures bland,
And on the lids the glittering tear detain.

* New College peal of ten bells. There is a well known and beautiful passage in Hurd's "Village Curate," on this subject :

——— when Wyceham's peal "was up."

I yet survive, now musing other song,
Than that which early pleas'd our vacant years;
Thinking how days and hours have pass'd along,
Mark'd by much pleasure some, and some by
tears !

Thankful, that to these verdant scenes I owe,
That he whom late I saw, all drooping pale,
Rais'd from the couch of sickness and of woe,
Now lives with me these mantling views to hail.

Thankful, that still the landscape beaming bright,
Of pendant mountain, or of woodland grey,
Can wake the wonted sense of pure delight,
And charm awhile my solitary way.

Enough :—through the blue heavens the high sun
rides,
My wandering steps their pensive path pursue,
Back to the crowded world where fortune guides.
Clifton, to thy white rocks, and woods, adieu !

ON HEARING THE MESSIAH

PERFORMED IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL,

SEPT. 18, 1835.

OH, stay, harmonious and sweet sounds, that die
In the long vaultings of this ancient fane,
Stay ! for I may not hear on earth again
Those pious airs—that glorious harmony,
Lifting the soul to brighter orbs on high,
Worlds without sin or sorrow !

Ah the strain

Has died—e'en the last sounds that lingeringly
Hung on the roof ere they expired !

And I—

Stand in the world of strife, amidst a throng,
A throng that recks not or of death, or sin !
Oh jarring scenes ! to cease, indeed, ere long ;
The worm hears not the discord and the din.
But he whose heart thrills to this angel song,
Feels the pure joy of heav'n on earth begin !

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT WOODSPRING ABBEY, 1836.*

THESE walls were built by men, who did a deed
Of blood :—terrific Cowscience, day by day,
Follow'd, where'er their shadow seem'd to stay,
And still, in thought they saw their victim bleed,
Before God's Altar shrieking : pangs succeed,
As dire upon their heart the deep sin lay,
No tears of agony could wash away :
Hence ! to the land's remotest limit, speed !
These walls are raised in vain, as vainly flows
Contrition's tear : EARTH, hide them, and thou,
SEA,
Which round the lone isle, where their bones
repose,
Dost sound for ever, their sad requiem be,
In fancy's ear, at pensive Evening's close,
Still murmuring “ MISERERE, DOMINE.”

* Three mailed men, in Canterbury Cathedral, rushed on the Archbishop of Canterbury, and murdered him before the altar.

Conscience-stricken, they fled and built *Wood-spring Abbey*, in the remote corner of Somersetshire, near Weston Super Mare, where the land looks on the Atlantic sea.

There are three unknown graves on the Flat Holms,—

LACOCK NUNNERY.

JUNE 24, 1837.

I STOOD upon the stone where ELA lay,
The widow'd founder of these ancient walls,
Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,
Marking the ivied arch, and turret grey—
For her soul's rest—ETERNAL REST—to pray ;*
Where visionary nuns yet seem to tread,
A pale dim troop, the cloisters of the dead,
Tho' twice three hundred years have flown away !
But when, with silent step and pensive mien,
In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,
The Mistress of this lone monastic scene
Came, and I heard her voice's tender tone,
I said, “ Tho' centuries have roll'd between,
One GENTLE, BEAUTEOUS NUN is left, on earth,
alone.”

which have been supposed to be the graves of these murderers.

In many of my later compositions I have confined myself to that form, strictly called a sonnet, though nothing can reconcile me to a metre, generally speaking, as artificial as elaborate, and utterly unmusical to English ears.

* “ Eternam Requiem dona.”

ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

BEAUTIFUL landscape ! I could look on thee
For hours,—unmindful of the storm and strife,
And mingled murmurs of tumultuous life.
Here, all is still as fair—the stream, the tree,
The wood, the sunshine on the bank : no tear—
No thought of Time's swift wing, or closing night,
Which comes to steal away the long sweet light,—
No sighs of sad humanity, are here.
Here, is no tint of mortal change—the day—
Beneath whose light, the dog and Peasant-Boy
Gambol, with look, and almost bark, of joy—
Still seems, though centuries have pass'd, to stay.
Then gaze again, that shadow'd scenes may teach
Lessons of peace and love, beyond all speech.

ART AND NATURE.

On the rocks of Clifton and Leigh Woods first joined by
the iron bar thrown across, like a thread.

“ FROWN EVER OPPOSITE,” the angel cried,
Who, with an earthquake’s might and giant hand,
Sever’d these riven rocks, and bade them stand
Sever’d for ever !

The vast ocean-tide,
Leaving its roar without at his command,
Shrunk, and beneath the woods, through the green
land,
Went gently murmuring on, so to deride
The frowning barriers that its force defied !
But ART, high o’er the trailing smoke below
Of sea-bound steamer, on yon summit’s head
Sat musing, and where scarce a wand’ring crow
Sail’d o’er the chasm, in thought, a high-way led ;
Conquering, as by an arrow from a bow,
The scene’s lone Genius by her Elfin-thread.

Clifton, 27th August, 1836.

PICTURE OF THE OLD MAN.

OLD man, I saw thee in thy garden chair,
Sitting in silence, 'mid the shrubs and trees
Of thy small cottage-croft, while murmur'ring
bees
Went by, and almost touch'd thy temples bare,
Edg'd with a few flakes of the whitest hair ;
And, sooth'd by the faint hum of ebbing seas,
And song of birds, and breath of the young
breeze,
Thus didst thou sit, feeling the summer air
Blow gently,—with a sad still decadence,
Sinking to earth in hope, but all alone :—
Oh ! hast thou wept to feel the lonely sense
Of earthly loss, musing on voices gone ?
Hush the vain murmur, that, without offence,
Thy head may rest in peace beneath the church-
yard stone.

PICTURE OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN I was sitting, sad, and all alone,
Remembering youth and love for ever fled,
And many friends now resting with the dead,
While the still summer's light departing shone,
Like many sweet and silent summers gone,
Thou camest, as a vision, with a mien
And smile, like those I once on earth had seen,
And with a voice of that remember'd tone
Which I in other days, long since, had heard,
Like Peace approaching, when distempers fret
Most the tired spirit, thy fair form appear'd,
And till I die, I never shall forget
(For at thy footstep light, the gloom was cheer'd)
Thy look and voice, Oh ! gentle Margaret.

HOUR-GLASS AND BIBLE.

Look, Christian, on thy BIBLE, and that glass,
Which sheds its sand, thro' minutes, hours, and
days,
And years ! it speaks not, yet, methinks, it says,
To every human heart, " so mortals pass
On to their dark and silent grave !" alas,
For man ! an exile upon earth he strays
Weary, and wand'ring thro' benighted ways ;
To-day in strength, to-morrow like the grass
That withers at his feet !—" Lift up thy head,
Poor pilgrim, toiling in this vale of tears ;
That book declares whose blood for thee was shed,
Who died, to give thee life, and tho' thy years
Pass like a shade, pointing to thy death-bed,—
' Out of the deep,' thy cry an angel hears,
And by his guiding hand, thy steps to heav'n are
led."

EXTRACTS.

MONKS OF WALTHAM BEFORE KING WILLIAM,
AFTER THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.
FROM " THE GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON."

* " WILLIAM was in his tent,
" Spread on the battle plain, on that same night
" When seventy thousand dead lay at his feet—
" They, who at sun-rise, with bent bows and spears,
" Confronted and defied him, at his feet
" Lay dead !—alone, he watches in his tent,
" At midnight—midst a sight so terrible

* The poem, called *The Grave of the Last Saxon*, is founded on a remarkable fact, that the two monks of Waltham Abbey, built by King Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, were accompanied in their search among the slain for the body of Harold, by Editha, the mistress of Harold, who turning over the body, after the battle of Hastings, recognized it, and shrieked, " HAROLD." It was taken to Waltham Abbey, and buried with solemn rites.

The following Extracts, which are thought would be interesting, will give an idea of the poem, which is out of print, and not a copy to be had.

“ We came—we stood before him, where he sat,
“ I and my brother Osgood, ‘ Who are ye ?’
“ Stern he inquired ; and Osgood thus replied :—
“ ‘ Conqueror, and Lord, and soon to be a King,
“ ‘ We, two poor monks of Waltham Abbey, kneel
“ ‘ Before thee, sorrowing ! He who is slain
“ ‘ To us was bountiful. He raised those walls
“ ‘ Where we devote our life to pray’r and praise.
“ ‘ Oh ! by the mercies which the God of all
“ ‘ Hath shewn to thee this day, grant our request ;
“ ‘ To search for his dead body, through this field
“ ‘ Of terror, that his bones may rest with us.’
“ ‘ Your king hath met the meed of broken faith,’
“ William replied : ‘ But yet he shall not want
“ ‘ A sepulchre ; and on this very spot
“ ‘ My purpose stands, as I have vow’d to God,
“ ‘ To build a holy monastery : here,
“ ‘ A hundred monks shall pray for all who fell
“ ‘ In this dread strife ; and YOUR KING HAROLD
here
“ ‘ Shall have due honours and a stately tomb.’
“ Still on our knees, we answer’d, ‘ Oh ! not so,
“ ‘ Dread Sovereign ;—hear us, of your clemency.
“ ‘ We beg his body ; beg it for the sake
“ ‘ Of our successors ; beg it for ourselves,
“ ‘ That we may bury it in the same spot
“ ‘ Himself ordain’d when living ; where the choirs
“ ‘ May sing for his repose, in distant years,
“ ‘ When we are dust and ashes.’

“ ‘ Then go forth,
“ ‘ And search for him, at the first dawn of day,’
“ King William said. We cross’d our breasts,
 and passed,
“ Slow-rising, from his presence. So we went,
“ In silence, to the quarry of the dead.
“ The sun rose on that still and dismal host—
“ Toiling from corse to corse, we trod in blood—
“ From morn till noon toiling, and then I said,
“ ‘ Seek Editha, her whom he loved.’ She came;
“ And through the field of death she passed : she
 look’d
“ On many a face, ghastly upturn’d ; her hand
“ Unloosed the helmet, smooth’d the clotted hair,
“ And many livid hands she took in hers ;
“ Till stooping o’er a mangled corse, she shriek’d,
“ Then into tears burst audibly, and turn’d
“ Her face, and with a falter’ring voice pronounced,
“ ‘ Oh ! Harold ! ’ We took up, and bore the corse
“ From that sad spot, and wash’d the ghastly
 wound
“ Deep in the forehead, where the broken barb
“ Was fix’d.
 “ So welt’ring from the field, we bore
“ King Harold’s corse. A hundred Norman
 knights
“ Met the sad train, with pikes that trail’d the
 ground.
“ Our old men pray’d, and spoke of evil days

“ To come; the women smote their breasts and wept;
“ The little children knelt beside the way,
“ As on to Waltham the funereal car
“ Moved slow. Few and disconsolate the train
“ Of English earls, for few, alas! remain’d,
“ So many in the field of death lay cold.
“ The horses slowly paced, till Waltham tow’rs
“ Before us rose. THERE, with long taper’d blaze,
“ Our brethren met us, chanting two and two,
“ The ‘ Miserere’ of the dead. And THERE—
“ But, my child Adela, you are in tears—
“ There at the foot of the HIGH ALTAR lies
“ The LAST OF SAXON KINGS.—Sad Editha,
“ At distance, watch’d the rites, and from that hour
“ We never saw her more.”

WALTHAM ABBEY AND FOREST—WILD WOMAN OF
THE WOODS.

FROM “ THE GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON.”

AT WALTHAM ABBEY o’er KING HAROLD’S GRAVE
A REQUIEM was chanted; for last night
A passing spirit shook the battlements,
And the pale monk, at midnight, as he watch’d
The lamp, beheld it tremble; whilst the shrines

Shook, as the deep foundations of the fane
Were moved. “ Oh ! pray for Harold’s soul ! ”
he cried.

And now, at matin bell, the monks were met,
And slowly pacing round the grave, they sung :

DIRGE.

I.

Peace, oh ! peace be to the shade
Of him who here in earth is laid :
Saints, and spirits of the blest,
Look upon his bed of rest :
Forgive his sins, propitious be—
Dona pacem, Domine,
Dona pacem, Domine !

II.

When, from yonder window’s height,
The moonbeams on the floor are bright,
Sounds of viewless harps shall die,
Sounds of Heaven’s own harmony !
Forgive his sins, propitious be—
Dona pacem, Domine,
Dona pacem, Domine !

III.

By the spirits of the brave,

Who died the land they loved to save ;
By the soldier's faint farewell,
By freedom's blessing where he fell ;
Forgive his sins, propitious be—
Dona pacem, Domine,
Dona pacem, Domine !

IV.

The PROUD and MIGHTY——

As they sung, the doors
Of the west portal, with a sound that shook
The vaulted roofs, burst open ; and, behold !
An armed Norman knight, the helmet closed
Upon his visage, but of stature tall,
His coal-black armour clanking as he trod,
Advancing up the middle aisle alone,
Approach'd : he gazed in silence on the GRAVE
OF THE LAST SAXON ; there awhile he stood,
Then knelt a moment, muttering a brief prayer ;
The fathers cross'd their breasts—the mass-song
ceased :—

Heedless of all around, the mailed man
Rose up, nor speaking, nor inclining, paced
Back through the sounding aisle, and left the fane.
The monks their interrupted song renew'd :

The proud and mighty, when they die,
With the crawling worm shall lie ;

But who would not a CROWN resign,
HAROLD, for a rest like thine ?
Saviour Lord, propitious be—
Dona pacem, Domine,
Dona pacem, Domine !

“ Pacem,” (as slow the stoled train retire),
“ Pacem,” the shrines and fretted roofs return’d.

EDITHA, OR THE WILD WOMAN OF THE WOODS,
AND KING WILLIAM.

FROM “ THE GRAVE OF THE LAST SAXON.”

AN IMAGINARY INCIDENT.

If it was human, at the entrance stood,
As seem’d of a rude cave. You might have thought
She had strange spells, such a mysterious power
Was round her, such terrific solitude,
Such night, as of the kingdom of the grave,
Whilst hurricanes seem’d to obey her hest.

And she no less admired, when, front to front,
By the rekindling embers’ darted gleam,
A mailed man, of proud illustrious port,
She mark’d ; and thus, but with unfaltering voice,

She spake—

“ Yes ! it was HAROLD’s name I heard !
“ Whence, and what art thou ! I have watch’d
 the night,
“ And listen’d to the tempest as it howl’d,
“ And whilst I listening lay, methought I heard,
“ Even now, the tramp as of a rushing steed—
“ Therefore I rose, and look’d into the dark,
“ And now I hear one speak of Harold : say,
“ Whence, and what art thou, solitary man ?
“ If lost and weary, enter this poor shed—
“ If wretched, pray with me—if on dark deeds
“ Intent, I am a most poor woman, cast
“ Into the depths of mortal misery !
“ The desolate have nought to lose :—pass on !
“ I had not spoken, but for Harold’s name,
“ By thee pronounced : it sounded in my ears
“ As of a better world—ah, no ! of days
“ Of happiness in this.—Whence ? who art thou ?”

“ I am a NORMAN ! woman ; more to know
“ Seek not :—and I have been to HAROLD’S GRAVE,
“ Remembering the MIGHTIEST are but dust ;
“ And I have pray’d the peace of God might rest
“ UPON HIS SOUL.”

“ And, by our blessed Lord,

“ The deed was holy,” that lorn woman said ;
“ And may the benediction of all saints,
“ Whoe’er thou art, rest on thy head. But say,
“ What perilous mischance hath hither led
“ Thy footsteps in an hour and night like this ?”
“ Over his grave, of whom we spake, I heard
“ The mass-song sung ! I knelt upon his grave,
“ And pray’d for my own sins ! I left the fane,
“ And heard the chanted rite at distance die.
“ Returning through these forest shades, with
 thoughts
“ Not of this world, I press’d my panting steed
“ The foremost of the Norman knights, and pass’d
“ The tract, that, leading to the forest-ford,
“ Winds through the opening thickets—on a
 height
“ I stood and listen’d, but no voice replied—
“ The storm descended : at the lightning’s flash
“ My good steed burst the reins, and frantic fled—
“ I was alone : the small and craggy path
“ Led to this solitary glen ; and here,
“ As dark and troubled thoughts arose, I mused
“ Upon the dead man’s sleep ; for God, I thought
“ THIS NIGHT, SPOKE IN THE ROCKING OF THE
 WINDS !”

“ There is a JUDGE in heaven,” the woman said,
“ Who seeth all things ; and there is a VOICE,

“ Inaudible midst the tumultuous world,
“ That speaks of fear or comfort to the heart
“ When all is still ! But shroud thee in this cave
“ Till morning ; such a sojourn may not please
“ A courtly knight, like echoing halls of joy.
“ I have but some wild roots, a bed of fern,
“ And no companion save this blood-hound here,
“ Who, at my beck, would tear thee to the earth—
“ Yet enter—fear not.”—And that poor abode
The proud knight enter’d, with rain-drench’d plume,
“ Yet here I dwell in peace,” the woman said,
“ Remote from towns, nor start at the dire sound
“ Of that ACCURSED CURFEW !—Soldier-knight,
“ Thou art a NORMAN ! Had th’ invader spurn’d
“ All charities in thy own native land,
“ Yes—thou would’st know what injured Britons
feel.”

“ Nay, ENGLISHWOMAN, thou dost wrong our
king,”

The knight replied : “ conspiracy and fraud
“ Hourly surrounding him, at last compell’d
“ Stern Rigour to awake. What ! shall the bird
“ Of thunder slumber on the citadel,
“ And blench his eye of fire, when, looking down
“ He sees, in ceaseless enmity combined,
“ Those who would plück his feathers from his
breast,
“ And cast them to the winds ? Woman, on thee

“ Haply, the tempest of the times has beat
“ Too roughly ; but thy griefs HE can requite !”

The indignant woman answer'd, “ HE requite !
“ Can he bring back the dead ? Can he restore
“ Joy to the broken-hearted ? He requite !
“ Can he pour plenty on the vales his frown
“ Has blasted ? bid sweet evening hear again
“ The village pipe ? and the fair flowers revive
“ His bloody footstep crush'd ? For poverty,
“ I reck it not ; what is to me the night,
“ Spent cheerless, and in gloom, and solitude ?
“ I fix my eye upon that crucifix,
“ I mourn for those that are not—for my brave
“ My buried countrymen !—Of this no more !—
“ Thou art a foe ; but a brave soldier-knight
“ Would scorn to wrong a woman ; and if death
“ Could arm my hand this moment, thou wert safe
“ In a poor cottage as in royal halls.
“ Here rest awhile till morning dawns—the way
“ No mortal could retrace :—’twill not be long,
“ And I can cheat the time with some old strain—
“ For, Norman though thou art, thy soul has felt
“ Ev'n as a man, when sacred sympathy
“ This morning led thee to KING HAROLD's

GRAVE.”

The woman sat beside the hearth, and stirr'd
The embers, or with fern or brushwood raised

A fitful flame, but cautious, lest its light
Some roving forester might mark. At times,
The small and trembling blaze shone on her face,
Still beautiful, and show'd the dark eye's fire
Beneath her long black locks. When she stood

up,

A dignity, though in the garb of want,
Seem'd round her, chiefly when the brushwood-
blaze

Glanced through the gloom, and touch'd the dusky
mail

Of the strange knight—then—with sad smile she
sung :—

Oh ! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—

Oh ! then 'tis sweet,
In some remote retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,

And rain and sleet
The lattice beat—
Oh ! then 'tis sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends, with whom, in the days of spring,
We roam'd through the greenwood together.

The blood-hound slept upon the hearth—he raised
His head, and, through the dusk, his eyes were
seen,
Fiery, a moment ; but again he slept,
When she her song renew'd.

Oh ! thou art gone ! and would, with thee,
Remembrance too had fled !
She lives to bid me weep, and see
The wreath I cherish'd dead.

The knight, through the dim lattice, watch'd the
clouds
Of morn, now slowly struggling in the east,
When, with a voice more thrilling, and an air
Wilder, again a sad song she intoned—

“ Upon the field of blood,
Amidst the bleeding brave,
O'er his pale corse I stood—
But HE IS IN HIS GRAVE.

I wiped his gory brow,
I smooth'd his clotted hair—
He is at rest, in the cold ground now—
Oh ! when shall we meet there ?”

At once, horns, trumpets, and the shouts of men,
Were heard above the valley. At the sound,
The knight, upstarting from his dreamy trance,
High raised his vizor, and his bugle rung,
Answering:—“ By God in heaven, thou ART THE
KING !”

The woman said. Again the clarions rung—
Like lightning ! Alain and Montgomerie
Spurr'd through the wood, and led a harness'd steed
To the lone cabin's entrance, whilst the train
Sent up a deaf'ning shout, “ LONG LIVE THE KING !”

THE END.



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